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## THE GOVERNMENT AND THE IRISH CHURCH.

MR. BRIGHT was never more felicitous than in his description the other night of the position and of the tactics of the Government. It is rather a favourite notion with many Liberals that it is advantageous to have the Conservatives in office because they are then far more disposed to make concessions than when they are in opposition. But we may pay a heavy price for anything that we gain in this way. The honour and the character of our political parties and our political leaders are possessions that we can hardly prize too highly, and that we can hardly protect too sedulously against deterioration. Now, a Government in a minority is, as the member for Birmingham observed, almost inevitably dishonest, or, at any rate, disingenuous. Having come into office with well-defined principles and strong opinions, they soon find that in order to keep their places it is necessary to sacrifice the one and to modify the other. But then all the members of the Cabinet are not equally facile in conversion, while their followers, who have no places to save, are slow to admit the necessity of being converted at all. The consequence is, a process of "education" like that which the Conservatives passed through in the Reform Bill, or a system of evasion or self-contradiction such as that we have witnessed within the last few days in reference to the Irish Church. If it is any part of the duty of an Administration to have a policy, and to insist upon it, nothing can be more contemptible than the line, or rather the several lines, taken by the Government during the last few days. In the debate on Mr. Maguire's Resolution, Mr. Disraeli made a speech which, if it meant anything, meant that he intended to stake the existence of his Government on the maintenance of existing endowments, including that of the "alien" Church established in the sister country. His letter to Lord Dartmouth was conceived in the same spirit, and was to the same effect. But then came Lord Stanley's amendment, which, as interpreted by Lord Stanley's speech, was not only open to an opposite construction, but did not in fact admit of any other. According to the noble lord, nothing is further from the intention of the Government than to nail their flag to so rotten a mast as the Protestant Establishment. "Not one educated person in a hundred will contend that the Irish ecclesiastical arrangements are satisfactory as they stand." The connection between Church and State is little more than an empty title. The real difficulty is not so much in either disestablishment or disendowment, as in dealing with the funds which the latter operation will set free. The desire of the Government is not to obstruct the course of reform, but to adjourn it to a new Parliament, by which it can alone be effectually undertaken, and in the mean time to avoid fettering their own discretion, or interfering with the discretion of a reformed House of Commons. In that speech the strategical views of the Government found their best expression, and received their most plausible justification. And no doubt if the Conservative party, like some of its leaders, was only bent upon discovering the best mode of letting down the Irish Church gently, it would have been received with the applause which its ingenuity merited, and would have given the satisfaction which it was intended to inspire. It turns out, however, that the Conservatives, and especially the members from the north of Ireland, are not yet prepared for the sacrifice which Lord Stanley contemplates with such evident indif-

ference. Strange as it may seem, after all they have gone through, and all they have consented to, they still believe in something. To use a common expression, they yet cling to the notion that it is possible and desirable "to draw a line somewhere;" and at present they insist upon drawing it at what they deem destruction of the Irish Protestant Church. The consequence was that Lord Stanley's speech was received by them with nothing short of blank dismay. They saw in his amendment, as he explained it, nothing but a desire for gaining sufficient time to carry out under a Conservative Government the same operation which Mr. Gladstone proposed to conduct under a Liberal Administration; and it is not too much to say that on Monday evening the party was in a condition closely approaching, if it did not actually amount to, demoralization. This process, of course, had to be arrested at all costs; and accordingly, on Tuesday evening, Mr. Hardy was put up—nothing loth, we readily believe, to hoist once more the old "true blue" ensign—to rouse the sinking spirits of the country squires and the Orangemen by the most emphatic and energetic declarations of fidelity to the menaced Institution, and to contradict, amidst the boisterous cheers of his followers, every word of the Foreign Secretary which bore a liberal construction. His speech was unquestionably a great party success. But, although for the moment it rallied the disorganized Ministerial ranks, it exposed, in the most glaring manner, both the divisions in the Ministry and their incompetence to conduct the Government of the country. As Lord Cranborne well said towards the close of his remarkable speech on Monday night, the attitude of the Disraeli Cabinet—"waiting upon the opinions of the House of Commons, refusing to lay down any opinion of its own, and almost openly avowing that it merely looks to see which way public opinion will point; admitting, moreover, that it will act as the instrument of that public opinion, and that it has no opinion of its own to express"—is not only destructive to the position of the Executive in the House of Commons, but is a fatal blow at the efficiency of Parliamentary Government. Some of its members may, indeed, have definite opinions, and be prepared to maintain them. But what the country has to deal with is the Government as a whole, and it neither can nor ought to place any confidence in an Administration which, in twenty-four hours, has two such palpably contradictory voices as those of Lord Stanley and of Mr. Hardy.

Despite the ingenuity with which it was defended, Lord Stanley's amendment was one which no House of Commons determined to do justice to Ireland could possibly accept. It was, at the best, a dilatory plea at a time when delay is, above all things, to be avoided. It was carefully disingenuous at a moment when frankness and candour are all-important. It was exactly what Mr. Gladstone's resolutions, taken in connection with his speech, were not—in spite of the noble lord's laboured attempt to affix that stigma to them—that is, it was capable of the most various interpretations, and calculated to encourage the most diverse hopes. And it was a proposition which, if carried, must have postponed for at least another year the commencement of that process of conciliation between the two countries, which, in the interest alike of England and of Ireland, cannot begin too soon. Against objections such as these it is really absurd to urge the technical—we had almost written the pettifogging—reasons by which it was supported.

What does it matter whether it is or is not possible to legislate finally on the subject during the present session? How can it signify whether the immediate effect of suspending the appointment to benefices or the action of the Ecclesiastical Commission be small or great? How can it affect the responsibility of the present Parliament, that it must leave to another Parliament the duty of ratifying its decision, and carrying on its work? It is clear that, so long as a Parliament is in existence, it cannot shirk the duty of having and declaring an opinion upon a question so vital as that of the Irish Church; nor is it less obvious that, although the direct effect of such a declaration be small, its indirect effect upon public opinion, especially upon the other side of the Channel, will be quite sufficient to outweigh any of the slight inconveniences which, according to Lord Stanley, are likely to follow from the adoption of Mr. Gladstone's resolutions. Although it was strictly in accordance with the usual strategy of party warfare for Lord Stanley to find an excuse for the procrastination of the Government, in the apathy which Liberal statesmen and politicians have displayed on this subject for the last thirty years, nothing could well have been more trivial or irrelevant. Liberal apathy was in a great measure due to powerlessness. Public opinion was in former years much less favourable to the bold and decisive treatment of Irish questions than it is at present. And even if the Liberals were more to blame than they really are, that can afford no justification for further delay when the question is not only ripe for, but demands settlement, and when the public mind is as well disposed, as it was until recently indisposed, to entertain and decide it. There is only one issue which is worthy of any Government or any statesman to raise at the present time—the broad one presented to the House of Commons by Mr. Gladstone's resolutions.

That it was utterly unworthy of any Government to evade the avowal of a distinct policy on such a question by a device like that which Lord Stanley took under his patronage, even if he did not originate it, was so generally felt that Mr. Disraeli, no doubt very much against his will, was obliged to let Mr. Hardy "have his head," and fight the battle out on genuine Tory principles. That the speech of the Home Secretary was a singularly able performance, from a purely debating point of view, we have already admitted. But its moral weight was seriously diminished both by the fact that it was only, so to speak, wrung from the Government, and by the fact that after denouncing any extension of the suffrage in terms nearly if not quite as emphatic as those which he employed on Tuesday night in defence of the Irish Church, Mr. Hardy last year became one of the most fervent apostles of household suffrage. We are quite willing to believe that he is not now consciously passing through any course of "education" on the Irish Church; but who can venture to assert that he is not unconsciously undergoing the process? Even in the midst of his vehement pleading for the Church as it exists, he left himself a loophole for escape. And it may be that deluded Orangemen will yet have cause to remember his admission that the peace of Ireland is, after all, more important than the Protestant Church; and that, if a choice has to be made between them, the former must at any sacrifice be preferred. That, however, is a matter which must be left to the future. For the present, Mr. Hardy is uncompromising and defiant. He will not give way an inch, nor will he spare us one of the traditional arguments by which the existence of the Protestant Church has always been defended. Into these arguments we do not propose now to enter. It is sufficient to say that they did not include any attempt to prove that the Established Church holds a similar position to that which is occupied by any like institution in any other part of the world; that they did not in any respect rest upon the same grounds on which the existence of the Established Church in England is usually and, as we think, successfully defended; that they did not tend to show that the institution is acceptable to the Irish people, that it is national in its character, that it is in a position to discharge the duties of a religious instructor to the poor, for whose benefit Established Churches are principally, if not entirely, needed; that it has ever yet done anything, or that it is likely ever to do anything, to spread Protestantism in the country (even if that were a good ground for retaining it), or that its maintenance, for the benefit of the 600,000 or 700,000 who belong to it, is at all calculated to conciliate the attachment towards the empire of the four or five millions who do not belong to it, and who regard its connection with the State as an insult to their own less favoured faith. Instead of arguments of this kind, which, if they could be employed, would no doubt be worthy of serious consideration, all that Mr. Hardy could produce was a number

of reasons which may be summed up by saying that, if they prove anything, they would prove that Parliament cannot, even if it would, do anything to remove a fertile cause of national discontent. We do not, however, believe that Parliament will accept this theory of its own incompetence, or that it will allow its hands to be tied by the fifth article of the Union, or any similar bond. It is our duty to deal with the questions of the day by the lights and in accordance with the wants of the day; and this duty, too long neglected, is not likely to be forgotten by the household democracy whom Mr. Hardy has assisted in calling into existence. His honest and outspoken support of the Irish Protestant Church may command our respect, but cannot avert its fate. At the same time, it is infinitely more respectable than the insincere and evasive artifices by which Mr. Disraeli and Lord Stanley would convert that institution into a mere pawn in their political game.

#### THE TWO RITUAL CASES.

WE cannot read the judgment which the Dean of Arches pronounced this day week on the cases of *Martin v. Mackonochie*, and *Flamank v. Simpson*, without feeling that the defendants have had as lenient a consideration of their conduct as was consistent with judicial impartiality. We do not say it as a reproach to Sir R. Phillimore, but his inclination to side with them as far as possible is too evident to admit of doubt, and occasionally compels him to make distinctions which are calculated to raise a smile. At the time when preaching in a white surplice was the boldest attempt of what was then called the Puseyite party, Bishop Blomfield had often to come between certain of his clergy and their parishioners, and settle controversies, or attempt to do so, with regard to innovations in the conduct of the services. In these cases his plan apparently was to solve the difficulty by halving the difference. If a clergyman displayed lighted candles on the Communion-table contrary to the wishes of his flock, the Bishop satisfied neither and offended both by deciding that candles were not objectionable provided they were not lighted. So if the zeal of the innovators aimed at the decoration of the table with flowers, the Bishop saw no harm in this, provided there were not too many of them. And now, with regard to two of the charges brought against the defendants in these cases, Sir R. Phillimore may be almost said to give his opinions one way and his judgment the other. The prosecution complains of the use of incense during the celebration of the Eucharist, and the judge admonishes Mr. Mackonochie not to use it in future. But he pleads strongly for it nevertheless. It emits a "grateful odour," and it assumes a "graceful form." Its use in the Jewish worship was "divinely ordained." "Nadab and Abihu were stricken with death because they took either of them his censer and put fire therein, and put incense thereon, and offered strange fire before the Lord." Aaron, Solomon, and Zachariah used incense. It was used amongst the early Christians; is mentioned in the Apostolical canons, and "there is no doubt that it is warranted by the authority of the primitive Church." Nay, "it certainly was in use in the Church of England in the time of King Edward VI.'s first Prayer-book;" and "the visitation article of Cranmer, as to forbidding the censing to certain images, &c., supplies one of the proofs of this fact." "Bishop Andrewes, a very high authority, appears to have used it, though in what way is not clear, in his own private chapel; and probably traces of the use of it may be found in the private chapels of other bishops, and in the Royal chapels." Finally, the Dean of Arches himself pronounces it "an ancient, innocent, and pleasing custom." What is the moral conclusion from all this, but that the use of incense, though not directed by the Prayer-book, ought to be, it being the intention, so to speak, of that book that it restored the doctrine and practices of the primitive Church? In much the same way he defends the practice, which forms one of the charges against Mr. Mackonochie, of mixing water with the wine used in the administration of the Holy Communion. Here again Sir R. Phillimore finds that from a very early period, the precise date uncertain, "a custom prevailed amongst Christians of adding a very small quantity of water to the wine which forms one element of the Blessed Sacrament." He finds that "it has the warrant of primitive antiquity, and of the undivided Church in its favour, and is clearly within that category of ceremonies as to the adoption of which each branch of the Church has its own liberty." The custom "prevailed before the Reformation;" like the use of incense it "is an innocent and primitive custom;" it "has been sanctioned by eminent authorities in our Church;" and Sir R. Phillimore himself would not object to it if it were done

at what he considers the proper time, or at a time not improper. "I do not say that it is illegal to administer to the communicants wine in which a little water has been *previously* mixed; my decision on this point is that the mixing may not take place during the service, because such mixing would be a ceremony designedly omitted in, and therefore prohibited by, the rubrics of the present Prayer-book." Does not this strongly resemble Bishop Blomfield's decision about the candles, which were held orthodox till they were lighted?

The Dean of Arches comprises the charges brought against the defendants under four heads:—1, the elevation of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, accompanied in Mr. Mackonochie's case by kneeling, or "excessive kneeling," at times not prescribed by the rubric; 2, the use of incense during the celebration of the Eucharist; 3, the mixing of water with wine at the time of the celebration of the Lord's Supper; 4, the use of lighted candles upon the holy table. Kneeling to some extent is allowable, says the Dean of Arches, and the question of excessive kneeling is for the bishop to decide. On that charge, therefore, Mr. Mackonochie is acquitted; and as to the candles, Bishop Blomfield's dictum against their being lighted is now abrogated. Two lighted candles are lawful. "Inasmuch," says the Dean, "as I think that the injunctions which order these two lights were issued under statutable authority, and have not been directly repealed by the like authority; inasmuch as they are not emblematical of any rite or ceremony rejected by our Church at the time of the Reformation; inasmuch as they are primitive and catholic in their origin, evangelical in their proper symbolism, purged from all superstition and novelty by the very terms of the injunction which ordered their retention in the Church, I am of opinion that it is lawful to place two lighted candles on the holy table during the time of the Holy Communion, 'for the signification that Christ is the very true light of the world.'" On the three other points:—The elevation of the Sacrament, the use of incense during the Communion, and the mixing of water with wine while administering the Sacrament, the judgment is against the defendants—nominally. Incense is prohibited during the Communion. The judgment is precise upon this point. It says:—"To bring in incense at the beginning, and remove it at the close of the celebration of the Eucharist, appears to me a distinct ceremony, additional, and not even indirectly incident to the ceremonies ordered by the Book of Common Prayer." To this extent the prohibition goes, but no further. Mr. Mackonochie is at liberty, so far as this judgment is concerned, to fumigate St. Alban's at any other period of the service to his heart's content. He is, indeed, encouraged to do so. He can plead the testimony of his judge to its "grateful odour" and its "graceful form," as well as to the fact that it is "an ancient, innocent, and pleasing custom," "divinely ordained" amongst the Jews, "warranted by the authority of the primitive Church," used in the Church of England in the days of Edward VI., and since then not unknown in Royal chapels and the private chapels of some bishops. He may mix water with wine in the Sacrament if he is careful to do it a scintilla of time before the administering of the Communion commences; for this practice, also, according to the Dean of Arches, "has the warrant of primitive antiquity, and of the undivided Church in its favour, and is clearly within that category of ceremonies, as to the adoption of which each branch of the Church has its own liberty." Practically, therefore, the judgment upon four of the five points is in favour of the defendants. There remains only the charge of elevating the Sacrament, on which they are substantially condemned, and even upon this point their condemnation is somewhat qualified. It is only a certain "kind of elevation," which is pronounced to be illegal. Perhaps we should rather say an uncertain kind, for the language of the judgment is elastic. "The kind of elevation which it is charged that at one time Mr. Mackonochie practised, and as to which witnesses were examined before me, amounts, upon the evidence, to the following acts, that, after the consecration, both of the bread and of the wine, he elevated the paten and the cup respectively for an appreciable time, after which there was a pause before the service was continued." There is to be no more of this; but, "some elevation the rubrics of the present communion service must contemplate when they order as follows, 'Here the priest shall take the paten into his hands,' that is, into both his hands; subsequently to which he is ordered to break the bread. So also when he is directed to take the cup into his hands, there must be some elevation from the holy table." According to this view, the question of elevation becomes one of degree. An ingenious Ritualist will have no difficulty, under this judgment, in accommodating the act of his hands to the state of his conscience. A careful perusal of the

terms in which the charge of elevation is disposed of will convince him that so long as the act is not so elaborated as to involve a revival of the doctrine of Transubstantiation, it is permissible. Such, at least, is the only construction we can put upon the words we have already quoted, coupled with those that follow:—"Looking to the spirit as well as to the letter of our present Prayer-book, to this Article [the 28th, which declares, "That the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper was not by Christ's ordinance reserved, carried about, lifted up, or worshipped"], and to the documents which illustrate the early period of the Reformation, it appears to me clear that those who guided the Church of England through this process of restoration to primitive antiquity, were of opinion that the elevation was so connected with the repudiated doctrine of Transubstantiation, as distinguished from the *Real Presence*, that it ought not to be suffered to remain." How the Dean of Arches has arrived at the belief that "those who guided the Church of England through the process of restoration," &c., drew a distinction between Transubstantiation and the *Real Presence*, we are unable to state. Transubstantiation and the *Real Presence* are convertible terms, unless the latter is so qualified as to make it express a reality which is no reality. But lest it be supposed that we take a prejudiced view of the effect of Sir R. Phillimore's judgment upon the pretensions of the Ritualists, let us see what is Mr. Mackonochie's opinion of it. As soon as it was delivered on Saturday, he gave notice of appeal; but on consideration he has withdrawn that notice, and has written to the Bishop of London to say that he will abide by the judgment. "It will, I know," he says, "be most satisfactory to many of my friends that I should thus accept the decision of the highest court which claims Spiritual authority, rather than appeal to a civil tribunal. At the same time, I cannot but feel the deepest thankfulness that a judgment conceived in such a spirit of deep and true Catholicity should have been pronounced at the present time."

#### BREAKING THE FALL.

THERE is some danger at the present time of Ireland becoming the centre of an agitation calculated to throw the country still farther back in the way of improvement. It is inevitable that the Orangemen and the more vehement of the Roman Catholic party will come into polemical collision, and it will depend upon the temper and forbearance of the latter how the matter may end. We have had already speeches in Ulster and in Dublin indicative of a very unfortunate and unworthy condition of public sentiment. There is something especially irritating and inexcusable in the tone of those gentlemen who talk as if they monopolized loyalty, while at the same time their expressions disclose a sad want of comprehension of the feeling they boast of. Mr. Disraeli seems still more determined to heat them. One of the comic journals represented him in a cartoon this week as an equestrian statue of King William, the glorious deliverer; and if he continues to play the part indicated by his recent letter, this is exactly the figure he will take in the eyes of the bigots who still keep up the memory of the Battle of the Boyne. On the other hand, there are intemperate and hasty people on the Roman Catholic side who may, by their triumphant attitudes over the fall of the Establishment, provoke the most turbulent manifestations of discontent against the Executive. That they will, however, conduct themselves better than their opponents we do not entertain the least doubt. At a large and influential meeting held in Limerick recently, the language of the speakers was on the whole moderate, and even guarded. We perceive that the member for Cork, Mr. N. D. Murphy, has invited his constituents, in a letter addressed to the *Cork Examiner*, to organize a city and county demonstration during the recess. It is probable that this example will be imitated, and that throughout the length and breadth of Ireland meetings will be held to sustain the principle of disestablishment, and to back up the programme of the Liberal policy by the strongest expression of opinion in the power of the masses to give it. We should expect this naturally to take place. The statesmen who have here adopted the question as a party one will be, of course, desirous to have their hands strengthened by every legitimate and constitutional means. But, unfortunately, the disposition of Irishmen is rather too warm already for demonstrations. O'Connell had the power of keeping in check the vast hordes he moved; but O'Connell possessed an exceptional force of character and will, and dominated in a clear undisputed fashion, for which there was no precedent in Ireland, and which has never since been known there. We must therefore rely upon the discretion of the leading gentlemen who will have more or less the management and control of those assemblies, and must put faith in

the principles of toleration which the Roman Catholic clergy-men constantly announce. It must be said for the Establishment that it is not in personal detail abhorred or disliked by the people. On the whole, the Protestant rectors are men of good and kindly feeling, popular with the farmers and peasantry, and are invariably treated with respect by all classes. Only a few days since, a Protestant curate, on being removed from Berehaven, was presented with an address signed by the Roman Catholic clergy, as well as by all the poor of the district, in which his ministry was alluded to in terms of the warmest praise, and the best wishes expressed for his future, as well as regrets for his displacement. This is the spirit that we should wish to notice pervading the whole island, and we have no doubt that there is a great deal of it which lies undeveloped in consequence of the position of ascendancy which the Established Church maintained for so long a period. Those who are now engaged in the demolition of this great scandal should bear in mind that, bad as it is, it has adherents who are sincerely and devotedly attached to it; that, entirely apart from the raving fools who can neither talk sense or listen to reason, there are thousands of good men and women whose interests and whose feelings are bound up with an institution which they have come to regard with sentiments of reverence, both from association and religious convictions. When they see this institution in danger—when they begin slowly to recognise that it must fall before the pressure of intelligence and enlightenment, they will watch narrowly the conduct of those who are presumably engaged, not in a game over which they can exult and be triumphant, but in working out a necessity which is attended with even painful results. Nothing would gain more the undivided sympathies of the English people with the Irish promoters of disestablishment than to find them cautiously moderating their expressions and refraining from indulging in any extravagant demonstrations of satisfaction. Nothing, on the other hand, would better serve the purpose of Mr. Disraeli and his supporters than to give out that the Irish Roman Catholics were simply engaged in a struggle for precedence, and that they would make the event the occasion of a victory over polemical foes instead of regarding it in a calm and sensible light. The tactics of the Orangemen will be—they have shown their cards already—to endeavour to excite this brutal sort of sentiment at once. Every one who knows anything of Ireland knows how much the blind antagonism of creeds has helped to render the country so uncomfortable to live in, and so backward. We are not now going to hunt up the instances of the penal laws; but it could be easily shown that from those enactments sprang that unruly and unholy passion of hatred which the Catholics and Protestants entertained for each other. It is scarcely to be expected from human nature that the former will altogether refrain from singing pæans at the close of an irrational ascendancy which has vexed and outraged them so long; but it is absolutely necessary for the success of their own cause, as well as for the sake of good order and good feeling, that they should mitigate demonstrations of triumph on the subject as much as possible.

It is remarkable how silent the Irish Protestant bishops and their clergy are in the matter. They have not as yet made any very marked sign that their stronghold is in danger. We suspect that, for one thing, they are both frightened and puzzled by Mr. Disraeli. He may be a faithful ally; but, as Mr. Tennyson said of Napoleon III., only the devil knows what he means. Nobody has his real confidence. The Irish bishops cannot conjecture his next move or his move after that, nor his final *coup*, which may upset everything he previously built up. Their reticence may also arise from a feeling of dignity. If their Church is to be despoiled, they will sit quietly in their places, like the Roman Senate at the invasion of the city. At the same time, we confess that, if cause is to be shown for the Irish Church, we would sooner see its defence managed by educated, competent, and accomplished gentlemen, than by the ignorant fanatics who seem now to have retained themselves for that purpose. If the bishops can give a reason for their maintenance in Ireland by the State, we should like to hear it from themselves. A recent contributor to the literature of the Irish difficulties says that Cardinal Cullen has gained considerably the attention and devotion of his flock by never losing sight of passing events, or slipping an opportunity of turning them to the account of his own peculiar ideas. The Irish Protestant bishops, on the other hand, preserve a distant and almost haughty demeanour, seldom or never coming forward or exhibiting concern in the affairs of this world. The only instance we know of up to this, in which a clever and respected member has ventured to offer excuses for the Establishment, is that of Dean Magee, who receives a masterly reply from Mr. Maurice in the current number of the *Fortnightly Review*. Dean Magee makes the

best case he can; makes it in a genial, close-reasoned, and temperate fashion, which we should desire to have followed up by those who might feel disposed for similar exercises. It is unfair to the Irish Protestants—to that section of them who are worthy of our sincere esteem and sympathy—to have their cause almost entirely managed by bigots. We do not believe they could sustain the Establishment on any argumentative ground, but they might, at least, make more respectable attempts to do so than we have hitherto seen. It would be as well that the final catastrophe should be preceded by an exhaustive recapitulation of all that could be said in favour of endowment. We want to have the question disposed of at once and for ever, and it would be beneficial for this purpose to get out of the casuistical difficulties of the matter, so as not to have them cropping up in an intermittent and fitful style when the case had been thoroughly diagnosed and the mode of operation definitely settled. We observe that the counter-demonstrations and petitions against disestablishment are altogether organized by the laity, and do not seem to have even the tacit sanction or encouragement of the bishops or their clerical staffs.

In recommending so strongly as we do moderation to the Irish petitioners, we certainly think that they ought not to cease urging their point at this crisis by all fair and constitutional means. Agitation will then at last have helped to confer one benefit on the country. There is another indirect good which may result from it—the people's minds will, we trust, be distracted from Fenianism and its devices. If we can give them the earnest of our sincere desire to legislate for them in a new spirit and temper, by the abolition of the Established Church, it is to be hoped that, although we only do an act of justice, it will be recognised as the commencement of a new era of legislation. Above all things, let the abolitionists bear in mind the sound advice of O'Connell, that those who are guilty of violence contribute to their own defeat and strengthen the enemy. We do not contemplate that there is much risk of that sort of violence which necessitates the reading of the Riot Act, and it may be the use of cavalry, but that intemperate zeal which creates so much hatred, hardness, and incapacity of judgment. We know it is of very little use to address Orangemen on this point; but if there is a quiet, determined, and settled action opposed to their noisy mouthings and historical rubbish, we have no fear that the final result will be a victory for the cause of both Liberalism and Protestantism, which will contribute to pacify Ireland, and to render our rule popular and tolerable to her people.

#### THE 86th IN THE MAURITIUS.

THANKS to the institution of a cheap press, there is not a public-house in England in which the case of the 86th Regiment has not been discussed during the latter half of the week, nor a village in which the discussion has not lessened the chances of the recruiting officer. The story is a dismal one, over which even official zeal has been unable to throw an appearance of comeliness. First we had it, some weeks ago, from the lips of the Secretary for War, who had the honesty and manliness to confess that, as far as it was known to him, it involved an accusation against the authorities which could not be defended. In October last, the 86th was ordered from Gibraltar to the Mauritius; but this plague-visited island having then but recently been freed from a visitation of fever which had spread death far and wide, the Home Government sent orders to the Cape that the regiment should be detained there until it should be ascertained from the Mauritius that there was no longer any reason to be apprehensive for its safety. These orders were acted upon, and it was not till towards the end of the year that the 86th sailed from the Cape, reaching the Mauritius on the 27th of December. While it had been upon its voyage, fever once more made its appearance in the island, and the officer in command there considered it to be his duty to prevent the landing of the troops, believing it to be necessary for their safety that they should be at once taken back to the Cape. Of the same opinion were the authorities of the town, medical and lay; and of that opinion also were the medical officers of the regiment. But it so happened that the colonel commanding the 86th was loth to go back to the Cape. He did not wish to resemble that king of France who marched up the hill with his men, and then marched down again. He pleaded that it would be a decided personal inconvenience to take his men back again; and, in the end, the officer in command of the island gave way, and the next day the troops were landed. No circumstance more disgraceful has, within our knowledge, ever transpired. When an army is encamped before an enemy's stronghold, as in the Crimea, much may be excused to those in authority for short-

comings, which may spring partly, if not altogether, from circumstances which defy control. But here there was no pretence for such an excuse. The ship had only to turn her prow towards the port whence she had sailed, and the direst of all enemies with which the British soldier has to contend would have been left behind. This simple expedient, however, was not, it appears, agreeable to their commanding officer; and rather than give up his own convenience he obtained leave to land them. Fever was raging. The local authorities, the surgeons of the regiment, the officers in command of the island, knew that it was little less than madness for the troops to risk infection. Yet, in spite of all this, bound to obey and powerless to object, they were put on shore, and had not long been there when five-and-twenty of them were attacked.

When Sir John Pakington gave this account of the transaction, in answer to a question from Mr. Whalley, on the 21st of February, he was able to say that though there were twenty-five cases of fever, there had been no deaths. But the 86th had not been in the Mauritius much over three weeks when a correspondent of the *Times* wrote to say that upwards of 180—officers, men, women, and children—had been stricken with fever. "Strong men," he wrote, "are attacked with this dire disease, and in a few hours are prostrate, and as weak and helpless as children. The medical men are insufficient, and the hospital accommodation totally inadequate, and no efforts made to increase it. The same apathy is shown by the local authorities, both military and civil, in this as in all other respects. Detachments have been sent out to places which have never even been seen by an officer of the Quartermaster-General's department. Most of the buildings occupied by the 86th Regiment have been turned into hospitals, and their occupants placed under canvas. The patients are dreadfully crowded in the improvised wards, and the buildings themselves ill adapted as habitations in a tropical climate. There is no women's hospital on the island, and they, together with the children, have very little chance. . . . The weather is becoming very hot, and the fever steadily increasing. There is no doubt that if the 86th are not moved soon, the regiment will appear only on paper, as already all drills, &c., have to be dispensed with, as there are very few men available, and those mostly convalescents." Such is a picture of the state of the regiment within four-and-twenty days of its landing, drawn by a non-official observer. But the official account given in the House of Commons on Wednesday by the Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies is in truth not a shade better. It amounts to this:—That, according to the information up to the 16th of February, the fever was on the increase, and had spread to the interior. "At that time," said Mr. Adderley, "the chief medical officer stated that the fever had assumed a much milder form, and was better understood, while the attacks were in a considerably smaller proportion fatal." At this time, too—pray let our readers observe this—"there was an ample supply of quinine and other drugs (which there had not been at first), which were most useful in meeting the attacks." This is really glorious news, and shows that the authorities here and there have exerted their intellects to some purpose, not only in making the marvellous discovery that there are drugs which are useful in case of fever, but in providing them in something less than two months from the date when the 86th was attacked. But they have done far more than this. They have taken measures to increase the number of medical officers. In answer to an application made by the Government to Madras, two English doctors and one foreign doctor have been despatched to the Mauritius, besides which two additional English doctors are to go out by the next mail. But even the supply of drugs and doctors two months after the plague attacked the regiment does not give us an adequate idea of the zeal of the authorities. "The Duke of Buckingham has also called the attention of the local Government to the apparent want of concert and efficiency of the municipality of Port Louis in relation to sanitary matters;" and, in consequence, the Board of Health is to be increased by the addition of two military officers, the commanding officer of the Engineers, the assistant military secretary, and an officer of the Royal Artillery.

"Everything," said Mr. Adderley, "had been done that could be done in such a case." Very likely. But what does that mean? A man in a moment of haste, or passion, commits some irreparable mischief. When he sees what he has done he is ready to give his head off his shoulders to mitigate the suffering he has inflicted. Never was the saying *qui s'excuse, s'accuse*, more applicable than to Mr. Adderley's statement. Troops are sent to an island subject to frequent incursions of pestilence; they are landed in the very teeth of the plague, although there is really no preparation whatever to give them

a chance of their lives—neither hospital accommodation, nor doctors, nor even drugs! If "everything has been done that could be done in such a case," it is because nothing was done that ought to have been done before the case arose. It could never have arisen had the authorities done their duty, and this is the point from which it is to be hoped the attention of the public will not be diverted. The 86th was landed while fever was raging in the island; though there was no sufficient hospital accommodation, no adequate medical staff, and none of those drugs which our intelligent rulers have discovered to be most useful in meeting attacks of fever. Who are the men who are answerable for these disgraceful facts? Let the Government ascertain who they are, and then punish them as they deserve. How can the Queen ask her subjects to serve her in the ranks when, for lack of any other enemy, they are so wantonly exposed to pestilence without having the chance of a fair fight for their lives?

#### EXTRAVAGANCE IN MEN.

PERHAPS there is nothing at the present day which so much astonishes old gentlemen with sons as the rate at which they live, compared with the style with which their fathers were content. It is not either that so much is spent upon luxuries and amusements. The mere necessities of a respectable condition appear to increase daily, and to involve an outlay which the British father regards with feelings of mingled astonishment and dismay. There was a notion twenty or thirty years ago that two hundred a year was ample for the wants of a bachelor. It was founded on a belief that he lived in the Temple or in lodgings, and that his food was confined to such elementary nutriment as was to be found in chops and steaks. At that time, too, he was supposed to pay his tailor. Instead of frequenting a club, he recreated in a tavern, where appliances were established for training his gift of speech into that sort of eloquence which tells upon juries. If he went to a play, he sat modestly in the pit. He dressed in a sound, lasting suit of clothes, of a colour warranted to look well half the year. Has not this sort of man entirely disappeared, and without leaving successors? To say nothing of those who are born to property, and who can borrow money until they come in to it, who does not know hundreds of extravagant men whose means are at once slender and mysterious, whose equipments are faultless, who deny themselves apparently nothing, and who possess a capacity for inventing new and expensive pleasures? You constantly surmise, when you see them indulging their tastes, that they must eventually be either locked up by a creditor or be compelled to retire to the dingy refuges of Boulogne; but month after month passes, you find them still about town, and as much at ease and at large as if they were in the habit of being invited by their bankers to dinner. The process by which these spendthrifts contrive to keep afloat is scarcely known to themselves. If it were desirable to acquire it, it would be found almost impossible by the generality of people. It is, in point of fact, a positive talent, which can no more be communicated than a talent for playing the piano or writing metaphysics. Not, however, that it cannot be transmitted in a hereditary way. Whole families have been so gifted; and fathers, mothers, daughters, and sons, all alike get credit from tradesmen and milliners with a facility which appears astounding. When the birds fly from the parent nest, and find mates, the gift does not leave them; but unfortunately, in the case of the women, if their husbands are not of the trusted species, the accomplishment is attended with disagreeable ulterior consequences.

Modern extravagance, in men who are not of the kind referred to, is unquestionably as much a proof of advanced civilization as the invention of the steam-engine. From what we read, we are inclined to think that formerly men were divided by sharp lines into workers and idlers. The workers made slaves of themselves at the spur of ambition, or of the desire to accumulate wealth; the idlers went in for violent and almost ferocious amusements, which seem to us not only coarse, but wearisome and dreary in the extreme. Now, there is an anxiety to taste life. Men linger over their bachelorhood with a sense of wishing to complete a certain round of experiences which can be best taken in that presumably desolate condition. They will not be tempted even by a vision of the woollack to spend their heyday at intellectual labours which will cripple the very capacities of the mind for pleasure. This is very bad, no doubt, and a nation of such fellows would not be much good for carrying out those various missions into which the philosophers and poets divide the energetic impulses of eager and conscientious beings; but there are certain apologies to be offered for it. One of these men will tell you with perfect

sincerity, that he would not be great if he could. His peculiar temper does not arise from the noble simplicity which distinguished Cincinnatus at the plough and Garibaldi writing letters at Caprera. It is an inferior contentment, but not necessarily despicable. It comes of a cultivated indolence, springing also from a belief that the world ought to leave him alone. Savages, he may say, are worked hard—they must fish, and hunt, and scalp each other occasionally for subsistence. They never have a moment of leisure. How much has your grubbing merchant, your ceaseless barrister, the author who is chronically productive—teeming,—the artist who is painting for that extensive picture-gallery in which works varnished for posterity will be exhibited? They do not dwell on the pleasure to be found in the consciousness of living, and in the moderate enjoyment of extravagance in time and money. They may take pleasure in fits and starts, doses of it concentrated in a season, but their days slip from them in this never-ending whirl. It is possible to conceive a person who holds views of this kind, and there are doubtless many who would maintain them by such reflections. It is not at all necessary that such a person should be a genius, although we believe there have been Miltons too lazy to write epics; it is necessary, however, that he should be educated in his determined incapacity, and be in a position to wear it gracefully. Some of the most enjoyable men—men whose society you find vividly pleasant and refreshing—belong to this class. They neither toil nor spin. The dust and heat of work does not soil them. Their airy butterfly opinions are agreeable to notice, and occasionally you will meet with one who will quietly engage your professional word-spinner and thinker, and show that, although he may not practise with his rapier, he can use it with considerable effect when challenged.

These loiterers on the highway to whom we have referred are only possible in an extravagant age. But their extravagance is almost, if not altogether, justifiable. There are, however, lots of young men with whom the spending of money is a positive disease. They constantly demonstrate the truth of the familiar proverb. There is a sort of fatal profusion in their habits. Women are accused very unfairly of being over-extravagant. As a rule men are far more so, and the account against them is principally due to those who fritter everything they gain or sell in numberless and nameless trifles. A woman has a natural title to being well clad—to being indeed clad so as to make the most of her appearance. She has a sense for jewellery. To deny her ornaments is to stifle a genuine and reasonable instinct. But a man who parts with a considerable portion of his income in order to comply with every freak of his tailor, and who really seems to have only used his brains upon the patterns of neckties, is one of the most pitiable creatures alive. A gentleman ought to be correctly and neatly dressed. There is something revolting, as well as startling, in the style in which the unfortunate London cad turns out to air himself on the tops of omnibuses and on the penny steamboats on Sunday. Still, the extremes meet. The cad is not in all probability a greater jackass than the person he mimics. He is also extravagant in his own miserable way. He has given more than he can afford for his flaring scarf with its horrible brass pin, his embroidered shirt-front, and all the rest of his vile paraphernalia. Extravagance is not confined to a class. Some working men spend proportionately as much in beer-houses and music-halls as those above them do in clubs and at the opera or theatre. We would not deny them holidays, but the idle mechanic ought not to be tolerated. Of course, poverty will compel him to do jobs in his trade; but still there is a margin left him in which he can, if he is minded, spend in the most barren and unprofitable manner. He may draw poker pictures for a working man's industrial exhibition, or frequent discussion forums, or be a regular subscriber to vans for taking cargoes of illustrious Foresters down to villages in order to get drunk; in all this he is extravagant and worthless. It is not to be expected that he should read tracts, or encourage the dull literature specially prepared for his consumption. There are plenty of means now at hand for his improvement, and he ought to avail himself of them. The festive or political associations are doing our friend the working man considerable mischief, and leading him into extravagances which are destitute of any excuse. It is a wonder that the wives of our future masters do not petition the House to abolish Mr. Beales, and to suppress Conservative and other working men's associations. They must suffer keenly from the political heat which compels their husbands to walk in procession with new clothes on, and to waste the money upon banners that was formerly laid by for the decent burial of the family. The case of the "Mounted Farriers" who figured in the Reform demonstration is a case in point. The farriers were, as well as we recollect, furnished with horses and their luncheons for the day at the cost of a benefit society which never contemplated

a great political show in its articles of constitution. The extravagance was objected to by some of the members, and Mr. Tidd Pratt took action in it. There is not, however, so much to find fault with in this kind of impropriety as there is in the extravagances committed by the same classes in their amusements. We do not say that they over-indulge themselves, but they take their pleasure wastefully. The habit of extravagance has in fact been contracted by them. If they could also catch some of the refinement which often attaches to it in those of the middle and upper ranks there would be less to complain of. We do not want a working man to resemble in his off hours the class of persons who are ornamentally idle, but we should like to see him at once economical and intelligent in his recreations. It is a fact that French workmen are far more addicted to pleasure, and yet far more saving, than their English brethren. The latter would find it profitable to study the cause of this difference; or they might ask the reason of one of their popular lecturers, and gain a more useful piece of information than they would receive from dissertations on unmixed politics.

#### BON-BON LITERATURE.

THE extreme density of the human mind can only be reached by particular shafts. One may wander for many a day (with considerable dulness, perhaps) through the fields of contemporary literature, and be quite unaware of the proximity of a pit leading downward to the primary strata of human folly and absurdity. Should he stumble upon one of these, he will pause with fear and trembling. Historic doubts will assail him. The chimpanzee will come oppressively near; in imagination he will feel the gorilla shaking hands with him. The very least suggestion likely to be made to his mind will be some disquieting doubt of the general sanity of the human race. A speaker postulates an audience, and if these awful utterances of imbecility did not win some reception, they would cease to exist. One of the most promising of the shafts which sink into the uttermost of human stupidity is the literature of bon-bons; which again is so nearly related to many other kinds of literature as to furnish an important type. Specifically, bon-bon literature is found on crumpled bits of yellow paper, encased in those ingenious and highly-ornamented "crackers" which never explode at the right time; generically, bon-bon literature includes three-fourths of our illustrated volumes, nearly all our Christmas books, a goodly proportion of lady's novels, and all *vers de société* written in our present magazines. Occasionally, of course, it becomes rank and offensive; but ordinarily it is found to be very harmless, not to say insipid. The grosser specimens are never absent from the bon-bon proper; and here they are sometimes so very bad that a man or woman of sensitive nature ought not to open one of these sweetmeats suddenly or thoughtlessly. It is hard, indeed, to say whether the sarcasm, the wisdom, or the pathos of these efforts is the most remarkable; perhaps the palm ought to be given to the sarcasm. For the bon-bon poet is by nature cheerful; and his witticisms have that universality which commends them to all classes of readers. What, for instance, could be funnier than this?—

"Tis hard when, at your feet adoring,  
I've been to heights of passion soaring,  
To find you, love, asleep and snoring!"

The italics are the poet's own. Now this piece of satire is representative of a great deal of the wit of bon-bon literature. The young gentleman who writes a novel immediately after reading Thackeray, and fancies that he, too, may earn a reputation by declaring that there is nothing new, nothing true, and that it doesn't signify, inevitably betakes himself to this species of sarcasm. How very bitter he is over the fond, ingenuousness of youth; how wildly he laughs over the blundering confessions of a lover; how he shows up the shams of Church and State, and makes himself out to be the very cleverest and the very wittiest creature who has lived since the days of Juvenal! He will acknowledge, perhaps, that Mr. Thackeray caught a certain trick of pathos which some people seem to like; but he will admit no such flaw into the material which he manufactures. The fashionable verse-writer also cultivates this form of sarcasm. What are life and death, and love and hate, but the humorous accidents of a ridiculous existence, which looks best when woven into a series of funny rhymes? The laureate of society sings no more of passion, which has been abolished by the common consent of all well-bred people, but prattles glibly over the foolish aspects of sentiment; and nothing pleases him so much as a delicate practical joke. A snore in the middle of a "de-

claration," a lover asking for a lock of an artificial head of hair, another lover praising the beauties of his mistress's false teeth, a lady answering a proposal with a question as to possible income—these are the sparkling and laughter-moving subjects of his polished muse. Several ladies, who write novels at present have a similar tendency, probably because they wish to show themselves superior to those unreasoning affections with the possession of which we are accustomed to credit women. Their heroine sums up their contempt for the ordinary sentimentalities of life by a happy reference to "spooning;" and then proceeds, in the same choice language, to implore some noble captain or seven-foot-high major to make her his mistress.

The morality of bon-bon literature is, like its sarcasm, obvious. It is given to informing you that, in order to lead a happy life, you must be good; and that, if you are bad, the devil, in some shape or other, will get you before the end of the third volume. The morality of the affections is a favourite subject, and you are warned that what you sow that also shall you reap. In the following instance our confectionery poet inculcates a utilitarian view of virtue:—

"All's fair in love," some say, but I  
The heartless sophism deny;  
The trick that brings your rival sorrow,  
May turn upon yourself to-morrow."

In these four lines we have condensed the plot of half the bon-bon novels published. Of the two lovers the one tricks the other and "brings him sorrow;" then the trick turns upon himself, the other lover is made happy, and justice is satisfied. The reader, however, who has gaily skipped through three volumes of absolute inanity seldom takes the trouble to reflect and condense. No harm comes to her or him by being told, in novel after novel, that black is different from white, and that green is not red. From the persistence with which novel writers treat us to this bon-bon morality, one might fancy they believed we should in time forget it, if it were not impressed on us, and thereupon glide backward into a savage state. These bits of coloured paper err in being too explicit; that is the only distinction between them and the bon-bon novel or poem. The confectionery poet, for example, says—

"How happy, when single, young girls ought to be,  
For with marriage come trouble and care,"

while the novelist would have concealed the same profound axiom in nine hundred pages of twaddle.

The last couplet we have quoted may serve to show how intellectual must be the persons who cater for the amusement of us English. These "crackers" are supposed to be provocative of gentle mirth; and the "motto" contained in them is presumed by young people to have some vague prophetic power. If the Delphic oracle sometimes mumbled unintelligibly, the modern parlour oracle simply drivels. As we say, there is no more fertile ground for him who would explore the last lunacies of the English mind. Of bon-bon literature, generally, we cannot hope ever to be rid. The demand is not likely to cease for those indefinite moralizings and namby-pamby verses which, in the one instance, go to fill Mudie's shelves, and, in the other, are written to illustrate the odd wood-blocks which publishers gather together at Christmas, and call "Pictures and Poems," or "Pen and Pencil," or some such comprehensive name. But in this bon-bon literature proper we see the possibility of improvement; and something beside. If "crackers" could only be transferred from the confectioner to the bookseller; and if the public could only be persuaded to regard them as chiefly literary products, a fair price might be obtained for them. That increase in cost would enable the bookseller to hire his poet, whose duty it would be to revive a dying art. Here society-verse writers would find a lucrative field; and the young poet would be accommodated with suitable employment. In fact, there are one or two poets now alive whom we should like to see bound over to this sort of work; they would cease to raise the temper of the generally patient magazine-reader, who has been sorely tried of late. Then it must always be remembered that a poet would no longer be compelled to rely on his own resources. Does not a great painter obtain the advantages of bright gilding, good light, and, above all the fashionability of the Royal Academy? Is not a great singer aided by brilliant society, clean gloves, and ices between the acts? Now, a poet who might not otherwise "go" would be rendered palatable by the presence of a big sweetmeat. Had Mr. Tennyson's latest contribution to *Good Words* been wrapped round what we believe is called a "burnt almond," who would have grumbled? A more enterprising poet—shall we offer the hint to Mr. Tupper?—might make himself acceptable by printing his verses on the silvery coating of Everton

toffee; but in the mean time the market is already secured for "crackers," and all we want is a bold bookseller to adopt the manufacture and make it worthy to merit the patronage of all lovers of their species. Sixpence apiece would not be too much to pay for an article which rendered us such service in draining away the floating refuse which at present disfigures contemporary literature.

#### A PASTOR IN THE PILLORY.

A MAN may do something worse than marry his housekeeper—he may try to excuse his marriage. Mr. Thackeray once said, in a "Roundabout Paper," that he did not tell a lie very often, but, when circumstances forced him to fib, he "did it boldly and well." "Tell a lie and stick to it" is a not very moral maxim, which may be altered and applied to a good many more social infirmities. If the Rev. C. H. Craufurd had simply married his housekeeper and held his peace, he would not have become, in this busy Parliamentary season, the object of the reporter's kindly attentions and the unwilling hero of several newspaper articles. But this tender-conscience clergyman, becoming oppressed by a sense of what he had done, fancied he ought to explain his marriage to his flock; and this explanation now figures as one of the recorded curiosities of the period. There is no man quite unlike his fellows; and there is nothing more interesting in this Apology than the question which it suggests as to the number of clergymen or other men who would make a similar confession in similar circumstances. Few, however, could give to such an appearance in public the picturesque accessories which the Rev. Mr. Craufurd brings upon the stage. For a man to be able to make his marriage with a housekeeper noteworthy, he must not only be of good family, but have a proper pride in his ancestry. He must have a strong faith in "blood" to make his self-abnegation the more heroic. Now, Mr. Craufurd, on that eventful morning on which he summoned his congregation to hear his vindication of himself, began with a beautiful preamble about his progenitors. He did not say that he was a lineal descendant of Wallace; but he hinted that he was "not unconnected"—surely the most cautious of genealogical phrases—with the Scottish hero. Then Mr. Craufurd's father was a soldier "second to the great Duke alone." This gentleman, whose name we are not permitted to know, and whose goodness and greatness are brought into contrast with the humility of his son, "was the friend of Queensberry, Granville, Windham, Moore," and "in his youth was an object of favourable regard to the heroic Frederick of Prussia." Mr. Craufurd then speaks of his ancestry in the loftiest terms. "The lords of Craufurd ruled their broad domains in all the majesty of feudal state for centuries before the many mushrooms who swarm at the present day had sprouted from their native dunghill." The reader needs to be reminded that the sermon was preached from 1 Cor. iv. 3, "With me it is a very small thing that I should be judged of you or of man's judgment;" and it is to be presumed that the people—were they mushrooms?—must have exercised some ingenuity in picking up the thread of the discourse, so far as it had any reference to the initial text. However, Mr. Craufurd proceeded to say that he was nearly being allied to a greater than Sir William Wallace; for, as it seems, a member of the Craufurd family had the audacity to reject the addresses of the present Emperor of the French. Having enumerated his aristocratic relatives, he went on to inform his patient mushrooms that "a man in that parish" had had the effrontery to propose for one of his (Mr. Craufurd's) daughters; and that "the highest lady in the land could not have been more astounded and indignant when he told her of the insult she had received, and he felt his insolence could not have been greater if he had demanded the daughter of a duke." It seems, therefore, that Mr. Craufurd is not without some of those class prejudices which his actions would appear to condemn. Indeed, he explicitly stated, as part of his sermon, that "a woman who married beneath her station fell to her husband's level, and was disgraced for ever, with scarcely an exception. With such a woman," continued Mr. Craufurd, in a burst of self-deprecation such as we have rarely read of, "it had been his will and pleasure to form an alliance—an alliance little more in accordance with his rank—and he was sure his wife would pardon him in saying it—than was that which occurred when King Cophetua espoused the beggar-girl." We should consider his wife the hardest-hearted creature in the world if she was not proud and pleased to hear him say, in his great modesty, that she was one of those who had "married beneath her station and fallen to her husband's level." The reference to King Cophetua does not harmonize with this view

of the subject; and is probably a blunder caused by the reverend gentleman's too obvious excitement.

But although Mr. Craufurd may have his opinions about who should and who should not intermarry, he would not allow his flock to have the same freedom of judgment; or rather, he hinted that their opinion was not worth a straw. If any one, he said, were to reproach him with his wife's lowly parentage, he could retort with the inquiry, "Who was your grandfather?" The awful nature of this rejoinder is not very clear to us; because we presume that the scoffer, whatever be his mental weakness, is likely to have had a grandfather. King Cophetua now proceeds to apologize for his marriage with the beggar-girl; and points out those bright qualities in her which first attracted his love. "As shines the moon in clouded skies, she in her poor attire is seen;" and we doubt not that many ladies of Mr. Craufurd's congregation were made to blush before this picture of the lowly and virtuous housekeeper. "What were the average accomplishments and learning of ladies?" he asked. "They could make drawings, which to pass muster their master must retouch; they could play a little, sing a little, and dance considerably. They were deeply read in novels, and superficially, perhaps, in other things. They could write, and perhaps speak, a little French and less German or Italian. That his wife was deficient in these respects was not their loss, and therefore concerned them not." This was a pretty good hint to the gossips present; but a much more terrible blow was to follow—a blow which, we are sure, has for ever severed the affectionate ties once existing between Mr. Craufurd and a goodly number of his flock. "As to language," he said, "one tongue was sufficient. If they heard any inaccuracies in his wife's language, he would ask if their language was always strictly accurate?" He made some coarse allusions to the provincialisms current in the district, which must have secured for the unlucky housekeeper many a bitter and secret enemy. "He could not, however, suppose his neighbours were so brutally deficient in good breeding, and so utterly unchristian in such a trivial matter, as to expose her to ridicule." Nor can we either grant the possibility of such a thing. But that Mr. Craufurd himself will escape that ridicule which he fears will harass his wife, we should be disinclined to guarantee. He tells us that he and his lovely bride have resolved to lead a secluded life and prepare their souls for heaven; and it is to be regretted that he did not come to this decision without resolving to tell everybody of it. The mere fact that Mr. Craufurd, by anticipation, wards off censure, shows that he is alive to it; and we fear that his defence is only too likely to provoke an attack. And if Mr. Craufurd so far fancies himself impervious to ridicule as to be willing to hear the worst at once, we may assure him that the general verdict pronounced by the clubs—for whose opinion, considering his connections, he ought to have much respect—will be, that he was "mad to marry, madder to marry his housekeeper, and maddest of all to apologize for having married."

#### CHAMBERLAIN AND BUMBLE VERSUS DICKENS, OXENFORD, AND WIGAN.

IN that philosophical work which has yet to be written on the subject of beadies, a chapter will doubtless be devoted to the class instincts of the tribe—to the tendency of gold lace to protect silver lace—of gold stick to support silver stick. A curious and striking proof of this tendency has been shown to the public during the last week, in a matter which concerns London playgoers and the greatest novelist of the age. A version of Mr. Charles Dickens's story of "Oliver Twist" was made by Mr. John Oxenford for the New Queen's Theatre in Long Acre, and submitted by Mr. Alfred Wigan, the lessee of that theatre, to the Lord Chamberlain for his approval, according to Act of Parliament. The Lord Chamberlain's deputy-beadle, Mr. Bodham Donne, the licenser of plays, had great doubts whether the Lord High Beadle would approve of this drama. The "parochial authorities" had objected to it when it was performed a few years ago, and he, Mr. Bodham Donne, had told a Parliamentary Committee that it was one of the plays he had been compelled to interdict for the preservation of public morality. The sublime official impudence of these remarks has rarely been surpassed in the whole annals of Bumbledom. The theatrical Oliver "asked for more," and the Lord High Beadle's Deputy-Beadle was not only thunderstruck, but felt compelled to stand by his order. Parochial Bumbledom very naturally objected to Mr. Dickens's powerful satire, and official Bumbledom, with the sympathy of a kindred soul, immediately saw the force of these objections. Self-preservation is the first law of official nature, and Bumbledom, if it is

not overburdened with brains, is very well provided with instinct. The Parochial Bumble is the victim to-day, but the Official Bumble may be the victim to-morrow, for authors, newspaper writers, and other members of the dangerous classes have no respect for dignities. There would be few more tempting subjects for literary dissection than a licenser of plays and his henchman. Both are quaint relics of the past ages, and have really no reason for existence at the present day. The notion of keeping a moralist on salary to decide upon the amount of good and evil he will permit in theatres has been ridiculed often enough, and we only trust that the situation will be rendered so absurd by the blunders of its present holders that they will be the last of their kind. It would be interesting to hear their reasons in detail for their recent decision. If they are wise, they ought to imitate the masterly inaction of some other Court officials with ornamental situations. The licenser of plays and his assistant are neither ornamental nor useful. If they possessed sufficient taste or discretion to justify the post for a moment, they would not have allowed the Menken to exhibit at Astley's; but it is literature that hurts their feelings. Ballet, burlesque, and worse is passed over; but the censors forbid a drama of keen interest—a drama which has, in point of fact, been acted by Mr. Toole over and over again in the provinces. Bumbledom, therefore, with the laws with which it has taken care to arm itself, is able and willing to protect its own sacred rights under cover of a professed regard for the public welfare.

The millions who have read "Oliver Twist," and who are still reading it, will doubtless hear with surprise that the Lord Chamberlain's department thinks it unfit for representation in one little London theatre. The practical value of such an interdiction in the face of the thousands of editions that are circulating throughout the country is very like the celebrated Partington attempt to mop back the Atlantic. In such a case the character and works of the author are entitled to be set against the character and works of the censors. Mr. Charles Dickens has written acres of fiction in which it would be impossible to find even the smallest moral blot, while the censors have licensed the exhibition of half-naked women, vulgar and suggestive *cancan* dancers, and the performance of leprous French plays that have been hissed off the stage by the superior virtue and taste of average theatrical audiences. Mr. Charles Dickens may have attacked parochial mismanagement in "Oliver Twist," as he has attacked many other abuses in his other works, but he has never helped to glut the public with dramas in which concubinage and adultery are the chief motive powers. Mr. Charles Dickens and his adapter, Mr. John Oxenford, are not anointed beadies; they have never worn gold-laced coats, or walked behind gold-headed sticks, or bowed in the presence of royalty; but, for all this, they may be as safely trusted to give London playgoers a stainless dramatic entertainment as a superannuated essayist like Mr. Bodham Donne, or a sporting nobleman like the Earl of Bradford.

#### SKETCHES FROM THE HOUSE.

BY THE SILENT MEMBER.

THE great debate on the Irish Church attracted one of those densely crowded assemblages which testify to the increasing interest manifested by all ranks and classes in political events. Hundreds of persons assembled in New Palace-yard on Monday afternoon, and were permitted to form themselves in line to see the members as they arrived. As soon as Mr. Gladstone was perceived, a cheer went up, so hearty and prolonged, that it penetrated into the lobbies and precincts of the House of Commons. Within the House, floor and gallery were crowded, and almost every inch of standing room was occupied. The Primate of Ireland, who was probably regarded by some of the Irish members as the last State-appointed head of the Irish Church, stood in the gangway under the gallery, unable to find a seat. The Bishop of London, who is still suffering from physical weakness, "fopped" down on the floor by his archiepiscopal brother of Armagh. The Duke of Cambridge was glad to get a back seat on one of the Peers' benches. The Lord Mayor of Dublin, tricked out with a bravery of official apparel with which no English corporate chief can pretend to vie, and attended by a sword-bearer in a scarlet coat, had considerable difficulty in fighting his way to the bar to present a petition, and was afterwards crowded and huddled up on a back bench under the clock in a manner highly derogatory, if not injurious, to his showy paraphernalia. Among the Peers present, some seated and others standing in gangways, were the Marquis of Clanricarde, Viscount Eversley, the Earl of Minto, Lord Ath-

lumney (better known as Sir W. Somerville, long a member of the Lower House), Lords Belper and Kimberley, and the Bishop of St. David's. Chief Justice Whiteside had come over from Dublin to hear a debate in which he must naturally take the deepest interest. He had quite a levée of M.P.'s about him, in front of the Commander-in-Chief of the Forces, and was no doubt often told by his Tory friends that they "would like to borrow him for a couple of hours to answer Gladstone or Bright."

Having filled the floor, members betook themselves to the galleries. The Treasury and front Opposition benches exhibited the usual faces—Mr. Gladstone, animated and eager for the fray; Lord Stanley pondering over his well-prepared, but not too well remembered, sentences in reply. Below the Ministerial gangway it was observed that Sir William Heathcote had taken a seat next to Lord Cranborne, thereby indicating, as it was thought, dislike to the Ministerial course of action. Next to Sir William was General Peel; and on the same bench were Beresford Hope, Sandford, and other members of the Tory "Cave." Opposite to them, in their accustomed seats, were Roebuck, Horsman, Bright, and Mill.

The preliminary business having been got through, Mr. Gladstone rose and moved that the Acts relating to the Irish Church be read. By this is meant simply the titles of the Acts; and when this had been done, Colonel Stuart Knox unexpectedly interposed, and, amid the cheers of the Irish Protestants, moved that the fifth article of the Act of Union be read. When the clerk came to the passage that "the doctrine, worship, discipline, and government of the said United Church shall be and shall remain in full force for ever," the Orange members gave a marked and hearty cheer. Nobody knew what was coming next, or how long this sort of thing might go on, when Mr. Surtees presented himself and demanded that the Coronation Oath and the Act of William and Mary applying to it be read. No notice appeared to have been given to the clerks, and some delay occurred before the Act could be found. When the volume was placed in the hands of the clerk, he seemed doubtful which portion to read. He made a beginning; but when he had to turn over the leaf, the leaves of the unused volume adhered together, which caused the reading to be very broken and interjectional. These little incidents and the distress of the officials caused some little mirth, but during the reading the House preserved a profound but impressive silence. There were cheers and counter cheers at the Protestant points and the Liberal qualifications—cheers when the Queen swears to "maintain and preserve inviolably the settlement of the United Church of England and Ireland," and counter cheers from the Opposition benches when the Queen swears to preserve to the bishops and clergy "all such rights and privileges as *by law* do or shall appertain to them or any of them." This remarkable scene, which, in its concomitant circumstances, has not been paralleled by any event within the memory of the oldest member, excited profound interest. It was turned to happy account by Mr. Gladstone as a solemn and not inappropriate preparation for approaching the important subject of the night.

When Mr. Gladstone came to the table, a cheer, loud and prolonged, ran along the whole Liberal line. After a graceful prelude he made good capital out of the reading of the Article of Union, the Coronation Oath, and the Orange cheers, by taking it for granted that the interruptions indicated a design to meet his plain, broad, and intelligible proposition by others equally plain, broad, and intelligible, and that the solemn controversy in which they were about to engage was not to be "degraded into a warfare of trick and contrivance." This was in allusion to Lord Stanley's amendment, which dexterously came between Mr. Gladstone and the House, changing the issue and giving the Government amendment precedence over the resolutions of which Mr. Gladstone had given full notice. Shouts came from behind, which were hurled back by the Tory benches in every accent of taunt and defiance. Mr. Gladstone can be calm, clear, and cool, when occasion requires, and he preserved a certain level tone almost throughout, reserving, perhaps, his higher and more impassioned rhetoric for the reply. His speech was not too long, moreover, since it occupied only an hour and forty minutes in the delivery.

Lord Stanley, on presenting himself, was greeted with loud and enthusiastic plaudits from his friends; but his bald, sober, uncoloured style of speaking, no less than the line of his argument, effectually cooled the enthusiasm of his friends, and brought the interest of the debate down to zero. His usual confidence gave place to hesitation and constraint. He was evidently ill at ease, and his indistinctness of enunciation made it difficult to hear what he said. But some notable admissions were heard across the table. When the Opposition thought

they caught the words—"Very few could defend the Irish Church as it existed," and that he "admitted it was a scandal as it stood," no wonder they greeted such confessions with triumphant cheers. Nor was it any wonder that many Conservative members left their seats, and that those who remained listened with dismay to such a faltering and half-hearted defence of the besieged fortress. When the speech was talked over in the lobbies, the Irish members declared that they would rather be beaten on Mr. Gladstone's motion to go into Committee on the Irish Church than win upon Lord Stanley's Amendment.

When Lord Cranborne rose, about ten o'clock, the House soon filled, and listened to an attack upon the Premier of the most caustic bitterness and acrimony. Certain passages were delivered with hesitation, but only because the orator waited until the precise words he had intended to use occurred to him. The whole speech had been most carefully prepared, and as the words, articulated with the concentration of hate, came hissing through the air, the lookers-on seemed to be witnessing the infliction of the Parliamentary "cat," with a cruelty of discipline reserved for the worst offenders. But punishment overdone, and administered with such excessive personal animus, always causes a revulsion of feeling in favour of the member tied up to the triangles. The Liberal members cheered Lord Cranborne, and so did several of his adherents of the "Cave;" and the speech made so profound a sensation, that when the speaker sat down the House plunged into a buzz of talk, and refused to listen to Mr. Laing. The topics discussed appeared to be the probable effect of Lord Cranborne's speech in loosening the ties of Conservative discipline in and out of doors—the improbability that he and Mr. Disraeli could ever sit together in the same Cabinet—and lastly, the impracticability and bitter temper which seem to disqualify him from ever taking office again under any Government.

When the debate was adjourned, it was felt that the Ministers had been over-matched and out-argued, and that the night's work had been exceedingly damaging to the Government. So the Premier put up his best debater to move the adjournment. Mr. Hardy had a day to prepare, and he doubtless received the hint to get up the steam among the Orange and highflying Churchmen. One sure method of accomplishing this result was to vituperate Mr. Gladstone. It was the old story—"No case!—abuse the plaintiff's attorney." As a party speech, Mr. Hardy's is entitled to high praise. It worked up the party passion of the Tories to white heat, and the Chamber rang with defiant, triumphant, and prolonged cheering. Encouraged by these plaudits, Mr. Hardy increased the pace, became more voluble and energetic, and tore along at breathless speed. Hoisting for himself the flag of "No surrender," and "speaking for himself," he said he would never consent, under any circumstances, to the disestablishment of the Irish Church. The Irish Orangemen were excited by the vigour and ability of Mr. Hardy's declamation, but they had another reason for cheering him. His harangue was, in their eyes, a rebuke and a reply to Lord Stanley's half-hearted Erastianism. The contrast was so palpable that one of the hardest hits in Mr. Bright's speech was his allusion to the perplexities of a Government that "speaks with a different voice from night to night." The Home Secretary to-night, he said, answered the Foreign Secretary of last night, and he supposed, if the debate went on, the head of the Government would get up on Thursday night to answer the speech of the Secretary of State for the Home Department. However, Mr. Hardy's speech was abundantly effective, and sent the Orangemen to dinner in high spirits. Some ardent Protestants, indeed, as it would appear from Mr. Schreiber's speech, cherished a vision of a new Tory party, led by Lord Cranborne and Mr. Hardy, and possibly carrying on a Government purged of Mr. Disraeli, Lord Stanley, and other half-hearted and temporising friends of the Church.

When a discussion is prolonged, the weakness of the present Government in debating power is palpably manifested. It could not be said that the Premier had "thrown away" Mr. Hardy, for he had not risen a moment too soon. But now the debate languished, and must needs languish until the First Minister rises, for Lord Stanley and Mr. Hardy are his only effective supporters, and one of them had made a fiasco and demoralized the party, and the other had weakened the case in favour of the Ministerial amendment. The odds against the Government began accordingly to be tremendous when Mr. Bright rose. His speech was an admirable example of his later, more subdued, and less antagonistic manner. It abounded in good-humour and pleasant raillery. "He mellows like good wine!" exclaimed one of his hearers. It was an exquisite gratification to the Liberal benches to observe the kindly, fatherly, half-compassionate tone in which he addressed the Tory benches,

for all the world like some judicious parent who reasons with his children about their fear of hobgoblins, and their dread of going into a dark room. With a powerful grasp, he lifted the Irish Church out of the region of party disputes, and showed how deplorably it had failed in its twofold character of a religious and a political institution. His peroration was calm, yet powerful and impressive, and when he sat down a general belief prevailed—strengthened, if not justified, by a passage in his speech—that Mr. Bright spoke as a proximate Minister in the next Liberal Cabinet.

One of the most awkward blunders of the debate was made by the new Solicitor-General. Just after Lord Cranborne had brought out in strong relief the antagonism between the Government and many of their followers, Sir Balliol Brett blundered into the phrase, "Her Majesty's Government on one side and the Conservative members on the other." He meant, of course, to say the "Liberal" or "Opposition members on the other;" and looked much surprised, and then exceedingly disconcerted and annoyed, when the Cranborneites set up a sarcastic and approving cheer. The Attorney-General for Ireland the next night gave a tolerably well-known Latin quotation as—*Tempora mutantur nos, et mutamur in illis*. The laughter was increased when the learned gentleman propounded a conundrum; and it culminated when, in a high-pitched voice, and thinking he was addressing a jury, he addressed his audience with the familiar "gentlemen!" The scene that ensued was as comical as anything in a play. Peals of laughter rang through the House, during which the right hon. and learned gentleman continued "smiling blandly through his spectacles," like Mr. Pickwick, and mutely begging pardon by a series of profound and apologetic bows, not only to Mr. Speaker, but to the House itself. The scene was intensely droll, and it was a long time before the House recovered its gravity. The Attorney-General for Ireland went on with his argument, but again he lapsed into "gentlemen," and again the House made merry with his mistake and his renewed confusion.

### NOTES OF THE WEEK.

THE Paris journals in the interest of the Government make little of the recent disturbances, pretending that they are the result of a *mot d'ordre*, and that they constitute a trial in which the Revolutionary party have desired to try their strength. The law on the army, according to *La France*, is only a pretext which the agitators make use of "because false interpretations which have gained credit, as to the bearing of this law of national defence, have engendered pre-occupations, and even discontent, by which the adversaries of the Government seek to profit." Even so; *La France* is compelled to admit that the present aspect of the French people is not satisfactory. "There is a symptom," it says, "in all this, which ought not to be treated carelessly. For the first time for twenty years demagoguery has raised its flag. It was thought to be definitely vanquished: it had nearly hidden itself; it now reappears—powerless, it is true—but still it reappears." This is a good sign for France, and ultimately, whatever it may be meanwhile, for Europe.

THERE seems to be some doubt whether the Emperor of Austria will sanction the Civil Marriage Bill, and this doubt is the subject of anxious discussion in the Vienna journals. The *Presse* of the 28th ult. reports the return to Vienna of Prince Auersperg and Herr von Hasner (Minister President and Minister of Public Instruction), who had repaired to the Court at Pesth, but had not at that date informed the other Ministers of the results of their journey. It quotes from the Pesther Lloyd a statement to the effect that the Emperor had warned his present Ministers, on their entering office, that the grant of the right of bringing in Bills did not include the certainty of the Imperial sanction, even if they passed both Houses; and, moreover, that when Government brought in the three Bills on Marriages, Schools, and Confessional Laws, the Emperor reserved the right of sanctioning them. The *Presse* does not believe this statement. But the *Neue Freie Presse* is not so confident. It says:—"We should commit a great neglect of duty if, from any sympathetic consideration for the members of the Parliamentary Ministry, we concealed the fact that public opinion, which rejoiced a week ago in hope and confidence, now shows itself much irritated and is in great anxiety, as if the resolution of both Houses of Parliament was not sufficient, even with the Constitution, to break the yoke of the Concordat."

THERE have been serious disturbances at Traunstein, in Upper Bavaria, on the formation of the Landwehr. The young men who had been ordered to present themselves before the Revising Council, assembled before the town-hall, and commenced pelting a sub-officer of gendarmes with snowballs. On being admitted into the building, they exclaimed—"We will not take the oaths to the King of Prussia! We will not be Prussians." They then began to destroy the stoves, desks, and furniture in the hall, and though the gendarmes were sent for, the disturbance only increased. Officers and functionaries were driven from the place, and everything that could be demolished was demolished. Then the militia were called out, but, with the exception of a few officers, did not respond; and a telegraphic message for troops had to be sent to Munich. A similar scene took place at Trosberg, and another is said to be in preparation at Ruppolding.

ACCORDING to the Paris correspondent of the *Journal de Genève*, a manifesto from the Emperor is spoken of, and his Majesty is said to be at times in a state of great political exaltation. When Prince Napoleon paid him a visit the other day, after his return from Berlin, his Majesty was reading the journals. "Taking up *La Liberté*, which alluded to his senility, he is reported to have said, 'See how your friends speak of me. You can assure them they are mistaken. They think me aged, used up; they are wrong. I shall soon show what I can do yet. They will not be kept waiting long—six weeks at most.'"

THE subject of the Canal Cavour is still absorbing public attention. The following is an extract from the circular which has just been addressed by Mr. C. N. Cresswell, the Chairman of the General Agency Company, to the Italian Irrigation bondholders' committee:—

"In my opinion your most prudent course is to take the canals out of bankruptcy by means of a just and practicable 'concordato'; but in order to secure both bond and obligation holders against all future contingencies, no 'concordato' should be entertained which does not, as a condition precedent, concede to the bond and obligation holders jointly a first charge upon the canals and their tolls by way of 'hypothèque inscrite,' duly registered at the expense of the rehabilitated company, in complete accordance with the requirements of the law of Italy. This will give absolute security for both principal and interest, as the canals are from time to time developed, while the bonds might be redeemed at such a premium in each year as would raise their price upon the market, and thus tangibly increase the value of your property, without sacrificing altogether the interests of those who rank behind you. There is always a latent satisfaction to be derived from the adjustment of complex questions in a spirit of conciliation and compromise, and it is this policy which I have constantly urged upon your committee; that committee is, I regret to say, divided in opinion—indeed five of its members, including the chairman, have already resigned, so that I am unable either to ascertain a definite course of policy, or to discover the real views of the bondholders themselves."

THERE have recently been numerous rumours touching the very dangerous state of the Pope's health. The *Patrie* reported "alarming news" of his Holiness's health, while the *Temps* says:—

"The alarming news which has been circulating for two or three days respecting the Pope's health has been confirmed by intelligence which we have received directly from Rome, and which we have every reason to rely on. The Holy Father is suffering from an intestinal complaint, which has assumed a disquieting character."

IN England we have a custom of giving away a pair of breeches in some counties to the ploughman who has the largest family, can do his work best, and behave himself in the average manner expected from a person in his condition. In France there is a regular prize given for virtue under a bequest left for the purpose by a benevolent gentleman named Mentyon. In December, 1866, the prize was won by a servant-girl named Jeanne Dessite, who, after hearing her noble deeds and qualities read out in the choicest French before the Academy, and receiving a purse containing £20, returned to her native department, and was recently tried, convicted of swindling, and sentenced to two years' imprisonment.

THEY have a strange habit across the Channel of bursting into that terrible "Marseillaise" on the slightest occasion. The girls employed at a cigar-factory turned out on strike the other day, singing the hymn of revolution because the tobacco leaves served out to them were so dry that they broke in the rolling, and the girls were fined for the waste. They carried their

point, and stopped the "Marseillaise;" but the cigars, it is said, will not be the better for the incident. If made of French tobacco, nothing could do them much harm.

THE diverting Paris correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* says that they are very hard on him in that city touching game suppers, and that he is now happy to announce that in consequence of a trade in birds between France and Russia you can now have your *rôtis* in or out of season. The other night he met a French *gourmand* who, reflecting on this immense advantage, said, "Do you know, Pierre, you have relieved my mind of a great weight? I have a dinner on Friday week, and was in despair about the *rôtis*. I really am quite sorry," he added after a pause, "that I killed that Russian at the Alma."

WE read a curious paragraph in *Once a Week* about a Frenchman who died in penury, after preserving the corks of the bottles with which he had at one time sumptuously entertained his friends. The corks contained melancholy inscriptions bearing upon the hardness of human nature; such as, "Champagne cork; bottle emptied 12th of May, 1843, with Mr. B——, who wished to interest me in a business by which I was to make ten millions. This affair cost me 50,000*fr.* Mr. B—— escaped to Belgium. A caution to amateurs." On another appears the following note:—"Cork of Cyprus wine, of a bottle emptied on the 4th of December, 1850, with a dozen fast friends. Of these I have not found a single one to help me on the day of my ruin. The names of the twelve are annexed below." It may be worth remarking that this eccentric gentleman must have been from the commencement suspicious of his acquaintances, and that they only justified his bad opinion by their neglect.

THE will of the late King Louis of Bavaria has recently been read at Munich by the Grand Notary. Prince Luitpold receives an income of £12,000, and Prince Adalbert £8,000. To Prince Leopold is left the chateau of Leopolds, with the marble quarries of Untersberg. The famous Walhalla near Ratisbon is bequeathed to all Germany; and the Temple of Glory near Munich, the Monument of the Deliverance near Kilheim, and other public buildings, become the property of King Louis II.

IF we are to believe a telegram which the London representative of the *New York Herald* has received from the special correspondent of that journal with the Abyssinian expedition, a hostile chief is camped on the heights overlooking our troops at Lake Ashangi, six days' march from Magdala. This chief, it is said, "refuses to give provisions, and dares Sir Robert Napier." He has, however, sent a message to Sir Robert stating that "Theodore proffers friendship." A friendly chief, Jacob, "persuades the General not to believe him." Moreover, "there is no grain, grass, or straw; hostile chiefs have devastated the country; King Theodore ravages far and wide, and desolation of the country is universal."

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Pall Mall Gazette* gives an account of a recent transaction which took place in the Grenadier Guards, of a very singular and inexplicable character. It appears that an acting sergeant-major was tried by a court-martial for missing a parade. There was no charge of drunkenness against the man; he had borne an excellent character for ten years; and on these considerations the court passed a sentence on him short of reduction to the ranks, condemning him to lose the rank and pay of staff-sergeant (10*d.* a day), and to revert to the rank of sergeant. The commanding officer of the regiment considered this sentence too lenient, and appealed to the Horse Guards, who, according to the *Pall Mall's* informant, "took the harsh and pudding-headed view" of the case:—

"As a question of law was involved, however, they referred it to the Judge Advocate-General. This functionary decided that the sentence of the Court was not illegal; but as the Horse Guards had asserted, with doubtful accuracy, that no precedent existed, Mr. Mowbray suggested that it was competent for the Horse Guards to quash the whole proceedings, an arrest for eight days with a sentry over his door, and the anxiety consequent on such a position, being deemed a sufficient punishment. This report did not satisfy the Adjutant-General's department. Appeal after appeal was made to Mr. Mowbray to alter his report, the prisoner being kept for a fortnight longer under arrest. At the expiration of that period the whole battalion was assembled to hear the decision of the Horse Guards, which was intended to be a very severe censure on the Court, the conduct of the president being specially selected for animadversion.

The finding of the Court was then confirmed, but the sentence was quashed. I may here remark that the finding of the court-martial being recorded against the man is of itself a very serious punishment. It interferes in every way with his future prospects, good-conduct pay, pension, &c., and was generally considered in this case a sufficient punishment. Had the matter rested here, nothing more need have been said. Discipline would have been asserted by giving a lenient court-martial a severe rating before five hundred men, and an arrest of fourteen days might have escaped notice. But the matter did not rest here. At the same parade, with every circumstance of pomp, the unhappy prisoner was sentenced to the same punishment the Court had awarded, on the prerogative of the colonel of the regiment to reduce a staff-sergeant to the rank of sergeant—a prerogative said to be disputed by several competent authorities, including H.R.H. the Commander-in-Chief. The same afternoon the members of the court-martial were summoned to the Horse Guards to receive a severe 'blowing up.' They were not permitted to utter a syllable in defence, but told to hold their tongues and 'write'—a permission of which the president is generally believed to have availed himself, though not exactly in the sense expected by the wisdom of his superiors. Since then the Court, believing the censure and rebuke read out to them before their men not to be in accordance with the spirit of the Judge Advocate's report (which has been carefully suppressed), have applied to be allowed a sight of the two documents, the censure and the report—hitherto without success. They have never been allowed to see the letter of censure, only to hear it read. The Judge-Advocate's report is in every sense to them a sealed letter. Such are the circumstances of the case."

THE Education Bill has been published. The clauses as to teachers are not set out *in extenso*, the Bill providing that the Secretary of State may make regulations from time to time as to admission, probation, and the granting of certificates. Relative to the yearly grants to elementary schools, the Bill again leaves a discretionary power in the hands of the Secretary of State. A certificated teacher is not to be required in schools held in the evening only, nor in schools having an annual average attendance of less than sixty-five day-scholars. The clauses are set out authorizing an educational census to be taken by house-to-house schedules, in houses under a certain rateable value in districts where there is reason to believe the means of elementary education of the children of the poor to be inadequate. The Bill comes into operation on the 1st of October. It is altogether a weak though well-intentioned measure.

MR. MILL brings a curious charge against the Government relative to the Exchequer. He says that in his neighbourhood (Blackheath Park) the amount of Income-tax collected up to the 31st March is no test of the real produce of the year that has just expired.

"It is well known how anxiously Government used to exert themselves to get in every farthing of revenue that could be collected on the very last day of each quarter, in order that the quarterly, and still more the annual, statements might exhibit the most favourable aspect possible. So far, however, is this course from having been taken on the present occasion, that neither I, nor, I believe, any person in this district, have yet been called upon for any Income-tax whatever on the year just expired, repeated inquiries at the collector's office having been met by the answer that he had not yet received the papers from the Income-tax Commissioners. It is not likely that this district is single in being thus dealt with. Is there a desire, not, as usual, to make the returns appear favourable, but to make them appear unfavourable, in order to obtain a readier acquiescence in additional taxation? At all events, it is fair to conclude that the apparent falling off in the productiveness of the Income-tax is in part, if not wholly, a fallacious appearance, caused by the omission to collect the tax before the financial year had expired."

SOME of the railways are coming forward to help Mr. Disraeli in his trouble, and to petition against the disendowment of the Irish Church. They offer facilities for the signing of documents of protest at various stations. What if the directors insist upon asking the travellers, before furnishing them with tickets, the state of their consciences on the great question? It is said that porters and engine-drivers of the North-Western at Camden-town have been invited to display their politics already.

SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE's Bill, by which the guaranteed Indian railway companies are enabled to issue, in lieu of raising money on bond or mortgage a debenture stock, has been printed. Three-fifths of the shareholders are to approve, and the Indian Council must give their sanction, before the stock may be from time to time created. When issued it will bear a perpetual preferential interest, and it can only be applied either in the payment of mortgage or bond debts or for similar purposes. The holders of this stock as such will have no voice in the management of the company.

It is to be hoped that the efforts of the medical press to extend the operation of the Contagious Diseases' Act will meet with Parliamentary and public support. The evil sought to be remedied is one which naturally affects the health and prosperity of the nation, and it is absurd that the qualms of block-headed purists should stand in the way of bold legislation on it. We are not the more virtuous for being imprudent; and it is difficult to listen with patience to the arguments into which Providence is brought on this topic, in order to excuse the superstitious bigotry and ignorance of persons who can bring very little common sense or reflection to support their views.

A VERY useful little publication, called the *Public Health*, contains a curious note on the prevalence of smoking in lunatic asylums. It appears that at Hanwell the inmates, according to a keeper's account, will do anything for tobacco; and if one of them "kills a rat, he is rewarded with an ounce of tobacco, and for extra work they have rewards of tobacco." Our contemporary then repeats the usual list of ill effects from the abuse of tobacco, but we trust it is not going to enrol itself among the followers of Dean Close.

LAST week, in an article on the Privileges of Princes, we referred to the benefits done by royalty in little acts of kindness and what is commonly termed condescension. We observe a letter addressed to the *Star*, from which it would appear that the Empress of the French was recently observed performing a graceful act of charity similar to those which we believe the Queen is in the habit of doing at Balmoral. The gentleman who writes to the *Star* had an impression made on his mind by seeing the Empress give a gold coin to an old man selling violets, which time, he says, will never obliterate.

THE *Delhi Gazette* reports that a man has had a lot of live wasps shoved down his throat, in order to induce him to confess a theft, at a police-station named Houra. After suffering this treatment, the poor wretch was beaten mercilessly by the head-constable in the presence of the European inspector. "Owing to the accident of a European not in the employ of Government, and therefore not liable to be turned adrift and ruined for bringing to public notice a scandal of this atrocious kind, the matter has been made public. What is the inference?—what inference can we arrive at, where we see so gross an instance of cruelty close to the centre of government and of European influence, but that over the length and breadth of this vast continent, where native subordinates are far removed and safe from the eye of the independent European, the practice of flogging and torturing for the purpose of extorting confession is constantly indulged in?"

THE *Round Table* of New York gives an amusing account of a visit to the steam man at Newark. Our contemporary says it found in the machine a decided predominance of steam over man:—

"Physically he is grand, gloomy, and peculiar to the last degree. The iron cast of his cast-iron features imparts a look of singular determination to a face which might otherwise leave an impression of slight deficiency in mobility. It bears, moreover, the marks of a hard morning's work in the shape of four streaks, of a strange grimy hue, down its broad brow, which realize our conception of Pittsburg perspiration. His steam wash-basin and steam towel are probably at Newark for repairs. The chest is wonderfully full and deep, as a steam chest ought to be, and covered with a stylish robe of superior ferruginous cassimere, which our patriotism forbids us to call an English shooting-jacket, and which we suppose must be an American steaming-jacket. The rear collar-button of the shirt-band, we noticed, was very high in the neck, and by a very ingenious combination acts as a steam-gauge. But by far his most remarkable article of apparel is his hat. It is a stove-pipe hat, as no one of any style need be told. On the street it is worn quite plain, with only the usual ventilator, like other good hats. But our friend has a queer habit of smoking through this hat, as other gentlemen of accomplishments one degree lower do through their noses, in which he takes great pleasure, and which, to be candid, is known to his selecter friends to have become an inveterate and chronic affection, like opium-eating or impecuniosity. Some old-maidish insurance company or other, which has an interest in the premises 538 Broadway, or, for all we know, lets his lodgings—why should not a steam lodger have an incorporated landlady?—objected to this smoking in the house. So our friend, after oscillating his engines over the question awhile, decided to conform, and has had a very curious attachment fitted to his hat which makes certainly the greatest stove-pipe in the world, and shows singular method in the madness of his steam hatter."

A CONDUCTOR of the Detroit Railway has invented a contrivance to indicate to passengers the station they are coming to,

its distance from the last passed, and from that point to each station on the road. It is placed in the centre of the car, and consists of two projecting arms sticking about two feet from each side of the car, which, coming in contact with posts placed for the purpose, turn the indicator immediately after leaving each station.

WE are glad to find that the condition of the unfortunate agricultural labourer is helping to bring about the boon of compulsory education. In the Conference recently held at Willis's Rooms, the following resolution was passed:—"That in the opinion of the Conference, the condition of the agricultural labourers will continue to be depressed and unsatisfactory until their education is secured by compelling their children under thirteen years of age to attend school so many hours a week."

THERE are no less than one hundred and ten religions in Ireland, including Christian Israelites, people of the Church of Denmark, Walkerites, Morrissonians, Cromwellian Protestants, Sinners Saved by Grace, Old Lights, New Lights, Saints of No Sect, Bible Alone-ists, and Philanthropists. This is a singular jumble of beliefs, and might give rise to some curious speculations. The Establishment had no doubt not only to contend with Roman Catholicism, but to keep its ground against these wild convictions, against the deserters from its own body who stole off at every defection some point of doctrine to add to their own crack-brained and peculiar notions. If education spreads in Ireland, as we trust it will, one half of these oddities should disappear.

MR. A. PANIZZI has written to the *Times* to contradict a statement made in the House of Commons, on the authority of Professor Owen, that he had never scrupled to express the most thorough contempt for science—i. e., for natural sciences. The late Librarian of the British Museum quotes from the report of his own evidence before the National Gallery Site Commission in 1857, and before the Select Committee of the British Museum, 1860, to show that, on the contrary, he has always urged the separation of the collections of works of nature from those of works of art in the British Museum, feeling convinced that such a separation would be for the advantage of the natural sciences.

WE are happy to learn that the University boat-race is likely to be rowed without the danger which has hitherto threatened it from the want of proper regulations for the accompanying steamboats. The Thames Conservancy have at length very properly taken the matter into consideration, and the following rules have been issued:—

"1. Barges and buoys will be placed in position above Putney-bridge, at which all steamvessels and tugs are to make fast, under the harbour-master's directions.

"2. No steamvessel or tug shall pass up the river beyond the said moorings until after the racing boats have fairly started.

"3. A special position will be assigned to the steamvessel carrying the umpire.

"4. Vessels on the river between Putney-bridge and Mortlake shall anchor in such positions as the harbour-master and police shall direct.

"No vessel, except rowboats, shall navigate the river between Putney-bridge and Mortlake from 10.30 a.m. until after the race.

"5. All steamvessels and tugs shall keep well astern of the racing boats.

"And notice is hereby given, that it is provided by the Thames Conservancy Act, 1867, section 2—"If any captain or other person in charge of any steamer or other vessel or boat disobeys any constable engaged in keeping order on such occasion as aforesaid, he shall, in case of a steamer, vessel, or boat propelled otherwise than by oars, be liable to a penalty not exceeding £20, and in case of a vessel or boat propelled by oars to a penalty not exceeding £5.

"Any superintendent, inspector, or sergeant of police may enter on any steamer, vessel, or other boat, the captain or person in charge of which refuses to comply with any orders given in pursuance of this section, for the purpose of taking such measures as may be necessary for carrying into effect the objects of this section, or any orders made thereunder; and any person obstructing the entry of any superintendent, inspector, or sergeant in pursuance of this section, or impeding his efforts to carry the same into effect, shall for each offence be liable to a penalty not exceeding £20."

It was with considerable surprise we observed in the papers the other day a shopkeeper's advertisement headed with the name of a well-known popular writer. We thought at first it might be a mere trade trick, knowing that an eating-house at the West-end has for the last six months stuck Mr. Dickens's

name in the window simply for the purpose of attracting attention. But on looking at the little puff we find it is to all intents and purposes the *bonâ-fide* composition of a gentleman whom we should have thought altogether above constituting himself the essayist of a dry-goods store.

AN excursion party, under the superintendence of Captain Gare, arrived safely at Jerusalem, and seems to have got on as smoothly as if the excursionists only went to Paris and back under the care of the great Mr. Cook. Perhaps Mr. Cook will adopt the hint, and take a cargo of working men to Palestine. The country is now comparatively quiet, and at any rate the "empty traveller," &c.

It is not usual to find much piety about livery or training stables, but it would seem that Mr. John Day has been as successful in bringing up the boys in his employment as in bringing horses to the post. The Bishop of Mauritius, speaking of the confirmation of 207 persons at Broughton, says he was much struck by the respectable appearance and orderly conduct of a party of Danebury boys under the head lad. Each had a new Bible and Prayer-book, the former being used most readily when the Bishop referred to any text.

THE Council of the Public Museums and Free Libraries' Association are appealing to the working men of Bethnal-green for pence and postage-stamps, with a view to aid the trustees of the East London Museum, who have undertaken to provide the requisite funds for purchasing a site. They offer to attend meetings of the working men's societies and explain the object of their appeal, and otherwise organize a general local subscription. The subject is an interesting one, and we hope the hundred thousand workmen in the East of London will support, as far as their means will allow, a cause which seeks to educate them.

WHEN London was divided into postal districts, the Postmaster-General took pains to explain in his circular how the initial letters were to be used, and went so far in his explanations as to give a typical illustration. This latter step proved fatal, and for some time after letters were continually addressed according to the hypothetical formula, to the confusion of the authorities. The introduction of pillar posts, for the greater convenience of the public, has, we believe, been attended with success, but a case has recently occurred which goes far to prove that the Post-office officials have much to contend against in the ignorance of the public:—

"It appears that for some time past a decayed pump, situate within an easy distance of Dorset-place (N.W.), having been abandoned as an article for the supply of water to the neighbourhood, the handle was taken away, the slit remaining where it used to be worked. Several inquiries have been made of late at the chief district and general offices with reference to letters said to have been posted in the locality, but no satisfactory answer could be given with regard to them. A few days ago, however, the parish authorities gave orders for the pump to be repaired, when, upon examining the interior, no fewer than twenty letters were found inside it, the whole of which have been sent to their respective addresses."

After posting letters in a pump, we can scarcely be surprised at any revelations from St. Martin's-le-Grand.

THE Special Committee appointed by the Council of the Liverpool Chamber of Commerce to consider the Bankruptcy laws, and other laws bearing upon commercial credit and morality, have drawn up their report, which is to be publicly discussed early next week. The Committee, among other particulars, recommend that the fullest publicity should always be given, not only to the fact of insolvency, but to the circumstances under which it had occurred, and that to insure this publicity, the winding-up or arrangement of the debtor's estate should be initiated by a petition to the Court of Bankruptcy, presented either by the debtor or some one or more of his creditors. The creditors, so far as their debts are not secured, should have the entire power over the administration of the estate. The Court of Bankruptcy should not have powers for the punishment of bankrupts, but that in cases where the common judge directed that the bankrupt was liable to a criminal prosecution, that such prosecution should be paid for out of the public funds. The Committee further state that their attention had been directed to the law of settlements, and they were unanimously of opinion with regard to ante-nuptial settlements, no unperformed covenant or agreement by a trader becoming bankrupt for the payment of money or transfer of

property at a future period, should be valued as against creditors; and with regard to post-nuptial settlements, that no such settlement by a trader of his own property should, under any circumstances, be valued as against creditors. Upon the question whether the bankrupt's after-acquired property should be applied for the benefit of the creditors, the Committee were divided; but they were unanimous in advising that no bankrupt should be allowed to continue to hold any public office.

CONSOLS are marked 92½ to 93 for cash, and 93 to 93½ for the account. The foreign market has been quite animated. English railways have been firm, but little business has been done. There have been scarcely any transactions in Bank shares, and only a few in Miscellaneous. In fact, the animation has been strictly confined to foreign Government securities, and, in sympathy with them, foreign railways. The biddings for 2,500,000 rupees in bills on Calcutta and Madras were held on Wednesday at the Bank of England, and the terms obtained showed a falling off in the demand. The amounts allotted were—to Calcutta, 2,405,500 rupees, and to Madras, 94,500 rupees. The minimum price was fixed at 1s. 11¼d. on both Presidencies. Tenders at 1s. 11¾d. will receive about 19 per cent., and above will be allotted in full. No tenders on Bombay were invited.

THE directors of the Oriental Bank, at the meeting on the 16th of April, will propose a dividend of 6 per cent. for the half-year ended the 31st of December last, making, with a previous distribution, 12 per cent. for 1867. The Crédit Foncier of Mauritius have declared a dividend, at the rate of 7½ per cent. per annum, leaving £2,268 to be carried forward. The British-American Land Company have realized a profit for the year of £7,552, and recommend a dividend at the increased rate of 17s. 6d. per share. The Scottish Provident Institution report states that 1,373 new proposals have been made, assuring £621,574; the new premiums amount to £21,189. The total receipts in the year have reached £234,897, and the accumulated fund is now £1,365,365. The Imperial Union Assurance Company (Limited) report, for the year ending 31st December last, an increase of £5,715 from 665 new policies which have been issued, assuring £186,610. The Reliance Life Assurance Society report 652 new policies, assuring £222,945 and producing £7,894 premiums. The income of this society is £65,938. 18s. 9d., and it has realized £29,857 to be appropriated as a bonus, less the usual reserve. The directors of the Chartered Bank of India, Australia, and China, propose a dividend at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum for the half-year ended the 31st of December last. The Telegraph Construction and Maintenance Company (Limited) have declared a dividend of 2½ per cent., making, with the interim dividend paid to the proprietors at June last, a total distribution of 5 per cent. for the twelve months, free of income-tax. The report of the Rio de Janeiro City Improvements Company (Limited) shows a profit of £21,483, out of which a dividend at the rate of 4½ per cent. per annum has been declared, after carrying a sum of £845 to the credit of the sinking fund, and leaving a balance of £1,513 to be carried forward to the next account. The new business of the Western Counties and London Mutual Life Assurance Company for the past year is reported to be 562 policies, assuring £100,225, and yielding in new premiums £2,865.

MESSRS. BISCHOFFSHEIM & GOLDSCHMIDT have issued proposals for a Spanish Colonial 8 per Cent. Loan, in £2,335,000 stock, with dividend from the 1st of March, at the price of 93, payable in instalments extending to the 20th of August next. The bonds are to be redeemed at par within fifteen years by a cumulative sinking fund, which, together with the interest, is secured on the revenues of Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippine Islands, for the wants of which possessions the loan is raised. The liquidators of the English Joint-stock Bank (Limited) have issued a circular to the creditors, proposing to issue promissory notes forthwith to pay the remaining 4s. in the pound due to the creditors in two equal instalments, to fall due on July 10 and January 10 next, and inviting them to waive their claim for interest. The Oriental Bank Corporation have resigned the London banking agency of the New South Wales Government, which they have held since 1858, and the appointment has been accepted by the Bank of New South Wales. The liquidators of the London Discount Company (Limited) have made a further return of capital to the shareholders of 1s. 6d. per share. This, with previous payments, makes a total return of 94½ per cent. of the paid-up capital.

## MEN OF MARK.

No. XV.

## THE HON. HENRY B. W. BRAND, M.P.

MR. BRAND is brother and heir presumptive to Lord Dacre, the twenty-first baron. The barony was originally in the eminent house and family of Vaux, three brothers of which settled in England at the Conquest. The first baron was summoned to Parliament *tempo* Edward II. The thirteenth baron rebuilt his seat at Chevening, Kent, after a plan of Inigo Jones, but his widow sold it to Earl Stanhope, and also disposed of Dacre Castle with the lands of Cumberland. The eighteenth baron was succeeded by his sister, the Hon. Gertrude Roper, who married, in 1771, Thomas Brand, Esq., of the Hoo, Hertfordshire. The second son of this marriage was General Brand, who distinguished himself in the Peninsular war, and who assumed by sign manual the surname "Trevor" only. General Trevor, who succeeded to the barony of Dacre, married the daughter of the Hon. M. Crosbie, Dean of Limerick, and sister of Lord Brandon. The present Lord Dacre and Mr. Brand are the issue of this marriage.

The name of Brand frequently occurs in the political history of the present century. Mr. Thomas Brand, uncle to the subject of this notice, and who represented the county of Herts from 1807 to 1819, when he succeeded to the barony of Dacre, was one of the pioneers of Parliamentary Reform. He was selected by the Whig party in the House of Commons, in 1810, to bring forward a motion for an inquiry into the state of the representation. The motion was defeated by 234 votes to 115. In 1812 Mr. Brand brought a plan for a reform of Parliament before the House. His motion was merely for leave to bring in a Bill to give copyholders a right to vote at county elections; but he gave notice that if his motion were carried he should propose to abolish some of the close boroughs, and increase proportionably the number of members returned by counties. Among others, Sir Samuel Romilly spoke for the motion, pointing out that the Act of the 49th Geo. III., to prevent the sale of seats, had nearly secured to the Treasury the exclusive purchase of seats. Mr. Brand's motion was of course opposed by all the Tory boroughmongers and Treasury nominees, and was lost by a majority of 127. In 1816 Mr. Brand moved an amendment upon the Regent's speech, pledging the House to take into consideration the state of the country, and to a revival of the civil and military establishments of the country. The amendment was seconded by Lord John Russell, who had entered Parliament three years before, and to whose younger hands Mr. Brand now confided the advocacy of the great question of Parliamentary Reform. Mr. Brand's nephew has thus a hereditary claim to take a leading part in the advocacy of Liberal principles and popular progress.

Henry Bouverie William Brand was born in 1814. He entered the army at an early age, at the request of his father, who had many friends in the profession in which he had won distinction. Finding, however, that he had mistaken his vocation, he "sold out," with the intention of devoting himself to a political career. At the age of twenty-four he married a daughter of Lieutenant-General Robert Ellice. He obtained an admirable introduction to public life by acting as private secretary to Sir George Grey, then Secretary of State for the Home Department, and one of the ablest administrators of his day. In 1852 he was returned, without opposition, for the borough of Lewes, Sussex, near which borough his residence, Glynde Place, is situated. Mr. Brand was about the same time made a Deputy Lieutenant of Sussex. He avowed himself a thorough Liberal, declaring, on his introduction to his constituency, that he regarded "the suffrage as the foundation of the Constitution, and would like to see that foundation widened." At the same time he proclaimed himself to be "averse to large organic changes." At that period it was thought better that the basis of the representation should be gradually widened, and last year Mr. Brand, like other moderate Liberals, would have preferred to see the cream of the working classes admitted to the suffrage, instead of taking Lord Derby's "leap in the dark," and accepting Mr. Disraeli's household suffrage. He voted against Church-rates in 1855. He was made a Junior Lord of the Treasury (salary £1,200) in Lord Palmerston's first Administration, and held the office until the fall of that Administration in 1858. He was Keeper of the Privy Seal to the Prince of Wales for a few weeks in the latter year.

Mr. Brand's duties as principal whip to the Liberal party commenced in June, 1859, when, on Lord Palmerston's return to power, he was appointed Parliamentary Secretary to the Treasury (salary £2,000). Lord John Russell had consented to fill the office of Foreign Secretary under Lord Palmerston, but not before he had stipulated for a larger share of influence

in the Administration than a Cabinet Minister who has not himself been Premier usually feels himself entitled to claim. It was said that "although Palmerston might be King, Lord John was Viceroy over him." One of the Opposition wits compared the Prime Minister and the Foreign Secretary to the two Kings of Brentford smelling at the same nosegay, and asked who was to be the *Rex meus* and who the *Ego*? The question was never quite satisfactorily answered, for now and then a perceptible coolness manifested itself; the Premier and the Foreign Secretary sitting upon the same Treasury Bench indeed, but not speaking to each other for days together. Among other stipulations, it was understood that Lord John Russell had claimed to nominate Mr. Brand's coadjutor, the second whip. Thus it came to be believed that the subject of this notice was Lord Palmerston's confidential friend and adviser, while Mr. Knatchbull-Hugessen was animated by a feeling of personal fidelity to Lord John, and was to protect his influence and position in the Liberal camp.

Mr. Brand had gained some experience during his short term of office as Junior Lord of the Treasury, but, like Mr. Glyn, he may be said to have risen to the post of "whip-in-chief" at one bound. He succeeded Mr. (now Sir William) Hayter, whose assistant, Lord Mulgrave (now Marquis of Normanby), had accepted the Lieutenant-Governorship of Nova Scotia, and thus rendered it necessary for Lord Palmerston to appoint a "whip" comparatively new to his duties. This may be the place to remark that Lord Palmerston took the chair at a dinner given to Mr. Hayter shortly after his retirement, and that a splendid testimonial-service was presented to him in acknowledgment of eight years of arduous labour under the Ministry of Lord Aberdeen and the first Administration of Lord Palmerston.

Mr. Brand's duties may be said really to have begun at the meeting of Parliament in 1860, when he came to the table and gave notice of the new Ministerial measures. His first notice was of a new Reform Bill. Some surprise was expressed that the introduction of the Bill was deferred until the 20th of February. It was seen at that time that it would be difficult to carry the second reading before Easter, or the third reading before Whitsuntide. The delay was, of course, no fault of Mr. Brand's. Lord John insisted upon having the conduct of the Reform Bill; and as he had had his hands full of Italian diplomacy during the recess, he had not found time to digest the clauses and arrange the details. The Commercial Treaty with France and Mr. Gladstone's Budget, with its necessary Customs' reductions and the proposed repeal of the Paper-duty, for the time swallowed up, like Moses's rod, every other topic of interest. Although Mr. Brand had not yet attained to Sir W. Hayter's tact and *savoir faire*, he was rapidly improving, and the crack of his whip for the first time made itself distinctly heard by the Parliamentary ear. There are some battles in St. Stephen's that are fought, not in the House, but in the lobbies, the smoking-rooms, the library, and the clubs. The battle upon the Budget was one of these, and Mr. Brand proved himself a better rhetorician than Mr. Gladstone. A rumour somehow or other got abroad that "Palmerston meant to appeal to the country if he were beaten upon the Budget." With election bills unpaid, members shuddered as they listened. As the evening of the division wore on, it was wonderful how reasonable even Conservative members became. A Budget, they said, ought not to be made a party question. A Commercial Treaty with France was, for anything they saw, a very good thing, and whether the Treaty was discussed before the Budget, or the Budget before the Treaty, could not greatly matter. The defection of the Conservatives from their party banners went on increasing. And great was the cheering from the Ministerial side, and pleasant to witness was Lord Palmerston's joy and pride in his new "whip," when Mr. Brand walked up the floor with the other tellers, and announced the numbers. In a clear, audible, ringing voice, Mr. Brand said, "Ayes, to the Right, 223; and then, slowly and emphatically, "Nees, to the Left, 339." The astonishment of the House at the overwhelming extent of the Liberal majority of 116 was so great that the inevitable cheer was, but only for an instant, arrested. It came at last, loud, joyous, and irrepressibly confident. The Budget was thought to be safe, and the Liberal majority did not doubt that the session of 1860, whatever might befall, would stand out bright and clear in the annals of our commercial and national prosperity. It was a good beginning for the new Patronage Secretary, since the Derbyites betrayed the gloom and disorganization of an army in retreat. When Sir W. Miles proposed that the Income-tax should be reduced to ninepence, and that the Paper-duty should be retained, Mr. Brand announced a majority of fifty-three in favour of the Budget, which imposed an Income-tax of tenpence, and abolished the Paper-duty with the million thus raised.

Upon the third reading, the Paper-duty Bill was nearly thrown out. The majority of fifty-three dwindled down to nine, and it was said at the time that if Colonel Taylor, dreading a dissolution, had not sent away some of his men, the Bill would have been lost! The blame might fairly have been apportioned between Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Brand. The former had put down his Paper-duty Bill upon a members' night, when it would only be taken after the evening's budget of private crotchets and grievances had been exhausted. There had been one or two grand receptions in the fashionable world, and the Conservatives had been strictly enjoined to come down to the House afterwards. The leading Conservative Peers had secretly made up their minds to throw out the Paper-duty Bill, and they wished to be "backed up" by a diminished majority in the Commons. The Liberals, on the other hand, had looked at the notice paper; and believing that when the motions were got through it would be too late to take the orders of the day, failed to put in an appearance. Mr. Brand might have prevented the possibility of the Opposition springing a secret mine upon him by a "count out." He had half a mind to do it, and said so. Mr. Collier wished to speak on a time-bargain and stock-jobbing Bill of Mr. Bovill's; but when the Speaker left the chair for his chop, Mr. Brand muttered, half aloud—"I think I shall count the House." "I shall only be a quarter of an hour," pleaded Mr. Collier. The "whip" who hesitates is lost. Mr. Brand good-naturedly allowed Mr. Collier to go on, and, when he had finished, the conspirators had begun to drop in, and it was too late. The result shows how the public interests are imperilled by any want of judgment on the part of a Cabinet Minister, or of firmness on the part of the "whip." The story was told in the LONDON REVIEW, Dec. 29, 1860, where it was said:—

"It was remarked that Mr. Brand, being new to his business, made two mistakes that night: the first in not counting the House when Mr. Collier rose, and the second in not getting the debate adjourned. It was said by the old stagers that if Hayter, the astute, had been the 'whip' he would have reckoned up all the 'wing-whiskered' men to a hair, and then put up some member who had 'expectations' from him to move the adjournment of the debate, either with or without the consent of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Getting on with business is all very well; but *festina lente* is a very good motto in St. Stephen's as elsewhere; and a 'whip's' first duty, as we have said, is to avoid defeats, and victories that are in fact defeats. When Mr. Gladstone next attempts to drag his Bills through on a members' night, at the tail of a dozen notices of motion, let Mr. Brand remind him that more time was lost by his rashness and indiscretion in pressing the Paper-duty Bill to a third reading on a Tuesday night than would have been caused by half a dozen adjournments, to say nothing of the mischief occasioned by the loss of a Government Bill and an unprecedented encroachment upon the privileges of the House of Commons."

Good Treasury "whips" must have certain qualities in common, but we have seen Patronage Secretaries who widely differed from each other in tone of mind, habits of thought, and address. One may be of bold, bluff, genial, jolly manners—"hail fellow well met" with all the men in the House, and frank and outspoken to a fault. There is a story of a former "whip-in-chief," no matter of which party, who once rattled some gold in his breeches-pocket rather ostentatiously in the smoking-room. "How much money have you got in your pocket, Thong?" said a member. "Seven sovereigns." "What are you going to do with it?" "Buy three Irish members," replied Thong. The story got wind, and the *farceur* had to make his peace with the offended sons of Hibernia by asking several of them whether they would "like a title." Another *bon mot* of another "whip" was repeated in the House of Commons by Mr. H. D. Seymour upon the not inapposite occasion of the debate upon Captain Hayter's amendment which imperilled the Reform Bill of the Whig Government in 1866. According to Mr. H. D. Seymour, Sir W. Hayter, when he was Patronage Secretary to the Palmerston Government, used to say—"If you make a man a baronet or a lord lieutenant, he is as sure to forget his maker as a bishop." Considering that Sir William was himself made a baronet by the Whigs, this was rather a home thrust. The eagle was pierced by a feather from his own wing. It is clear that if a man desires to enlarge his knowledge, with the view of strengthening his faith in human nature, he had better not be a Government "whip."

While one Treasury "whip" finds his account in keeping up a frank and jovial demeanour, another may get on very well who is pleasant, quiet, and gentlemanly; scrupulously regardful of the feelings of others, but by no means encouraging familiarity, or being "hand in glove" with every member of his party. No one would say that the subject of this notice is not affable and accessible, yet as little would it be contended that he is affable and accessible in the same sense as his pre-

decessor. Mr. Brand's friends would probably admit that he is naturally a man of somewhat reserved temper and disposition. But personal friends and political opponents would equally admit that he is a thorough English gentleman. Mr. Gladstone, amid the cheers of his audience, last Saturday expressed the opinion of perhaps every member of the House of Commons, and certainly of the 387 subscribers to the testimonial, when he accredited Mr. Brand with the qualities of "indefatigable activity (cheers), inexhaustible patience (cheers), keen discernment, a refined tact (cheers), a thorough knowledge of men (cheers), and, above all, a temper that nothing can disturb (loud cheers)." The testimonial was eloquently described by the Opposition leader as given "in memory of the labours of nine years which, in varied fortunes, we have gone through together, and of the assistance that he has given to the working of that constitutional machine with so much courtesy, with so much ability, and with so much, let me add, of a spirit infused into that labour which gave to an office naturally and ordinarily stern in its character, an amiable, friendly, and, I will venture to say, even a loving character" (loud cheers).

Mr. Brand's greatest successes were achieved under the Ministry of Lord Palmerston. He was, as has been said, the confidential adviser and trusted friend of the great English Minister, and often knew more of the wishes and opinions of his leader than any member of his Cabinet. The venerable Premier and his Patronage Secretary thoroughly understood the conditions of representative government. When the Government were embarking upon an unpopular course, Mr. Brand always saw the rock ahead, and, to use a nautical phrase, "kept the lead going." A whisper from him was enough to induce the pilot to put about the helm. On the other hand, when Mr. Brand had made things safe for a division, and told his chief that the moment had come for striking a decisive blow, Lord Palmerston would always assume his most buoyant and triumphant tone, and force his adversaries to a division. Mr. Brand paid a generous tribute to the memory of the man he loved and venerated. "Lord Palmerston," he said, "lives in our memories as a popular Minister, but he was much more than that—he was one of the leading statesmen of Europe (cheers). His name was not only beloved at home, but respected abroad. For soundness of judgment and practical sagacity he had no equal. His genial nature attached all who came within its magic influence (cheers); and I shall always revere his memory with sentiments of affection and respect" (cheers).

Mr. Brand did not speak, on Saturday, with quite the same personal enthusiasm of Lord Palmerston's successors in the leadership of the Liberal party. He alluded to Earl Russell with respect, as the tried and consistent friend of civil and religious liberty. And of Mr. Gladstone, with equal manliness and good taste, he refused to say anything in his praise, except that he was "conspicuous above all the men he ever knew for earnestness of purpose." During the arduous session of 1866, when the Cave of Adullam was formed, and a section of the Liberal party broke out into mutiny against their leader in the House of Commons, Mr. Brand clearly perceived the faults and errors which threatened to disorganize the Liberal party. It was said by those who pretended to know, that Lord Palmerston's trusted "whip" made representations which were unheeded, and that, in the place where he had once found "unequalled soundness of judgment and practical sagacity," he encountered wilfulness, rashness, and overweening confidence. Perhaps it would be fairer to say that the new leader of the Liberal party perceived that the time had come for fighting the battle under other conditions, and that place had been too long set above principle in the tactics of the Liberal party. The change, from whatever cause, appeared to be distasteful and painful to Mr. Brand. Partly owing to Lord Palmerston's dexterity in giving way and in bending before the storm, and partly owing to the "unerring instinct" acquired by Mr. Brand in gauging the temper and feelings of the House of Commons, he had obtained many brilliant victories, and had encountered, all things considered, wonderfully few reverses. The result of so much success was that Mr. Brand felt a visible mortification at every defeat. He hated to be a teller when any one else had to announce the numbers. The year 1866, remarkable for the defection of Earl Grosvenor and other Whigs, and for the opposition to the Government Bill of Mr. Lowe, Mr. Horsman, &c., was a terrible session for the senior Treasury "whip." Mr. Brand's activity was as indefatigable and his tact and discernment were as acute as ever, but he was powerless to avert the process of disorganization. Difficulties and obstructions multiplied in the path of the Whig Reform Bill. At length came Lord Dunkellin's motion to substitute rating for rental as the basis of the franchise. When the tellers came up

to the table, the clerk gave the paper to Lord Dunkellin; and Mr. Brand heard him read out the majority of eleven, which decided the fate of the Whig Reform Bill and of the Government. That was his last appearance as the Treasury "whip."

Mr. Brand's health suffered so much from the anxieties and labours of this eventful session that he was compelled to resign the functions he had so efficiently performed. Rumour pointed to Mr. Onslow, the member for Guildford, as Mr. Brand's successor; but it appeared that this gentleman was not universally acceptable to the Liberal party, and the post will now be discharged by Mr. George Grenfell Glyn, eldest son of the liberal, consistent, and venerable member for Kendal, Mr. George Carr Glyn, partner in the well-known banking firm. Mr. Brand has placed all his knowledge and experience at the disposal of his successor, and there is reason to believe that before this sheet meets the public eye Mr. Glyn will have won his first great victory, by announcing a considerable Liberal majority on the issue of the Irish State Church, which has been debated during the week.

### CORRESPONDENCE.

#### "THE RELIGIOUS CRISIS."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "LONDON REVIEW."

SIR,—The letter of your correspondent "H. W." and the article in *Fraser*, by which he says he has been much struck, relate to a subject so well understood and so widely felt, that the only ground for surprise is that any educated person should be found who seems to have heard of it now for the first time. "H. W." is surprised that the article in *Fraser* "has not attracted the special notice of your contemporaries or of yourself." But, as the article only repeats what has been said a hundred times over on this subject yearly for many years, it offers no special occasion for surprise, unless it be the marvelously fine writing in which it abounds, as in that passage in which scientific progress is described as "the beloved and mighty angel which God, from the very throne on which He sits, has sent out to guide mankind through the night of time." This appears to me to be nothing better than mighty nonsense. I should like to know from the writer on what authority he defines the particular locality from which he despatches his "beloved and mighty angel." I would like also to know how this angel to whom so important a mission has been confided has only begun to perform it within the last thirty years. Science is even to-day in its infancy, but thirty years ago it was comparatively in embryo; yet the writer himself speaks of "the elevation, the tenderness, the sanctity, the spirituality which characterized mediæval piety in its days of youth and sincerity." Might it not have occurred to him that all these qualities were compatible with very false ideas as to scientific truth, and that the business of religion is not to teach science, but the relation existing between man and his Creator?

There cannot be two truths incompatible with each other. Take it for granted that it is proved that the world was not made in six days; who says that it was? Nothing is more clear than the indefinite meaning of the word "day" in the Old Testament. There are writers who declare for the verbal inspiration of the Scriptures, and who give to its language in every respect the meaning which it has amongst ourselves. But who gave those writers the right to decide upon this matter? The Church of England, in Synod or Convocation assembled, has not thought it necessary to reconcile the operations of the Old Testament upon this and other disputed points with modern science; and certainly the Judicial Committee of Privy Council, if asked to do so, would certainly decline. The writer in *Fraser*, in his inflated style, asks—"Is there faith on the earth; faith which fears not the open sky and the blaze of noontide; faith which is not reduced to wrap itself in furs and comforters, but can draw a full breath, and is not dying of lung disease?" This he calls his "momentous question;" and a little further on he maintains that "the Protestant Church cannot, with any show of consistency, refuse to acknowledge that she is bound to make good the accordance of her teaching with all that is conclusively ascertained both in history and science."

Unless the Protestant Church will do this, we know not what is to become of the writer in *Fraser*, or where he is to find the wraps and comforters necessary to a religious conscience dying of lung disease. But the Protestant Church neither can attempt to satisfy this preposterous demand, nor should it do so even if it possessed such a united council as would enable it to arrive at a unanimous decision. Of course, where the Protestant Church (and, by the way, what does the writer mean by this excessively indefinite term?) is likely to

fail, nothing is to be expected from the Roman Church, though not for the reason given by this writer. "The error," he says, "which has proved fatal to the Church of Rome is essentially this—that instead of assimilating the moral and scientific truth elaborated in the progress of humanity, she has shut herself up in her theory of infallibility, and looked with indifference or with hostility upon the harvests of knowledge gathered in by the human mind." Now, if any Christian communion has been especially careful not to come to a decision upon matters which it is not necessary to decide, it is the Church of Rome. I do not know what the writer means by "her theory of infallibility," but there are few points upon which there is greater or grosser ignorance, outside her pale, than with regard to this same theory. The writer appears to believe that it includes science as well as faith; but his passion for a fine flowing style is so strong that it is not always possible to say whether a word has been introduced into a sentence for the sake of euphony, or to express an idea. He charges the Church of Rome with failing to assimilate moral as well as scientific truth. Is not this enlarging a question which is sufficiently large already? What I understand the writer to desire is, that some body of Christians, Catholic or Protestant, shall either reconcile science and a certain interpretation of Scripture, for which no recognised authority is produced; or shall give up Scripture, and cleave thenceforth only to science. Surely this offers a large enough platform upon which to challenge the Roman Church without adding the absurd accusation that she has been as indifferent to the moral as to the scientific truths "elaborated in the progress of humanity."

I take it to be a sign of wisdom on the part both of the Protestant communions and the Roman Church, that they have refrained from any authoritative decision on what are called the controverted points between revelation and science. I will go further, and say that science has not yet been so developed as to afford the requisite evidences for such a decision. And further yet will I go, and say that—looking to what it has added to our knowledge, and hoping that its inquiries may yet make greater and clearer revelations of the wonderful works of Almighty God—I follow its labours with the deepest interest, and with an assured conviction that so far from their lessening my sense of the majesty of the Creator, they will add to it, without detracting an iota from the authority of that higher revelation which tells His creatures what he expects from them, and what He will do for them in return. Speaking as a Christian, I have no fear of science, though I have fear of the intellectual conceit and the false conclusions it may engender in vain and inconsiderate minds. Only let us always remember that while Christian communions have accepted the Old Testament as part of the Christian revelation, there has never been any authoritative declaration with regard to what we may call its scientific statements. Naturally and properly, all who have accepted it as the result of divine inspiration have been loth to give ready credence to anything that seemed to conflict with it. It is the earliest record we possess; and, as becomes such a record, it treats of the highest interests of man. We, therefore, who believe in it, and who are not fine writers, are wary how we modify any of its statements. But we acknowledge that there cannot be two truths, and we are ready to believe, as often as the requisite proof is forthcoming, that either its scientific statements or our interpretation of them is erroneous. Its moral teaching, its religious teaching, modified by the new law, stands clear of all such considerations; and even our fine writer seems to be touched by some of the results of that teaching, and to believe that it is a better, a higher, a nobler thing to be a good Christian than to be an eminent geologist.

I am, Sir, &c.,

K. B.

### FINE ARTS.

#### MUSIC.

BOTH our Italian opera establishments are now open—"Her Majesty's Opera," under Mr. Mapleson's management at Drury Lane Theatre, and the Royal Italian Opera, still directed by Mr. Gye, in its own home. The former establishment commenced its season on Saturday last with a performance of "Lucrezia Borgia." The interior of the house, with which wonders of renovation and decoration were effected in the short space of a week, presented a bright and rich appearance, quite in consonance with the more aristocratic purpose to which it is now temporarily applied. The cast of "Lucrezia" was similar to that of former seasons at Her Majesty's Theatre, with the exception of the reappearance of Signor Fraschini, as Gennaro, after an absence of twenty-one years. This gentleman, always more

renowned for force and energy than for refinement and expression, made his chief effects on Saturday night in those passages requiring declamatory power, as in the highly dramatic trio with Lucrezia and the Duke (the movement "Guai se ti sfugge" encoed as usual), and in his interpolated aria at the beginning of the last act, his high chest-notes were delivered with much power and effect. Signor Frascini met with a decided although not great success, which may perhaps be improved in his promised performance of Manrico in "Il Trovatore," a part even better suited to his powers than that in which he has already appeared. The excellence of Mdle. Titiens' Lucrezia, of Madame Trebelli-Bettini's Maffeo Orsini, and Mr. Santley's Duke Alfonso, is too well known to need any fresh detail.

The Royal Italian Opera opened on Tuesday night with "Norma," with no point of novelty in the cast. It would not be easy to name a recent representative of the Druid priestess superior to Mdle. Fricci, whose performance on Tuesday presented some points of superiority over previous occasions. Her delivery of her first important solo, "Casta Diva," both in the calm grace of its introductory movement, and the ornate brilliancy of its allegro, was characterized by much expression and power. In the scene in which she denounces Pollio, Mdle. Fricci rose to a degree of real tragic power, the declamatory passage "O non tremare" being delivered with such excellent declamation as to meet with an immediate demand for its repetition. In the leave-taking with her children, and the subsequent scenes of tragic passion, Mdle. Fricci displayed very high qualities, both vocal and histrionic. A great advantage to the present performance of "Norma" is the excellence of Madame Sherrington's Adalgisa and of Signor Naudin's Pollio those two parts being frequently assigned to far inferior artists. Signor Capponi's stalwart bass voice, too, was of important effect in the music of the high priest Oroveso. Mr. Costa was warmly welcomed on his reappearance at the conductor's desk.

The Crystal Palace concert of last Saturday brought forward, for the first time in this country, more of the incidental music composed by Franz Schubert for the forgotten German drama of "Rosamunde." In November, 1866, and March, 1867, we noticed the first performance of several of the pieces belonging to this exquisite music, and have now to record the repetition of these, with the addition of a short "Shepherd melody"—a chorus of shepherds, one of spirits, and a hunting chorus. The first-named piece is a delicious strain of instrumental music, full of pastoral grace and beauty; the clarinet giving the prominent melodic phrases. Of the choruses, the most effective is that of the shepherds, which breathes throughout a rural freshness and calm cheerfulness of great charm. The chorus of spirits is sombre and impressive, the trombones most effectively employed in the orchestral accompaniments. It wants, however, the stage situation in which (the singers doubtless unseen and heard in the distance) it must be highly impressive. The hunting chorus is vivacious, without any approach to the vulgarity frequently characterizing such pieces; but not so strongly marked as the other numbers referred to. The concert of Saturday also brought forward a new violinist, Monsieur Sternberg, from Brussels—a highly accomplished player, with a pure and liquid, although not very powerful tone, and great flexibility and certainty of execution. His success was complete.

The last popular concert of the season, and the benefit of Mr. Arthur Chappell, the director, took place on Monday, the occasion being further rendered special by the separate and combined performances of the greatest of living violinists and violoncellists, Herr Joachim and Signor Piatti; and of the three distinguished pianists, Mesdames Schumann and Arabella Goddard, and Mr. Charles Hallé. An important feature of the concert was the first public performance of a posthumous work of Mendelssohn—a "Lied ohne Worte" for violoncello, with pianoforte accompaniment. This little piece (yet unpublished) has a melodious beauty and grace of expression, equal to those of some of its composer's well-known "songs without words" for the pianoforte. The calm pathos of its opening "Andante" (in D major) is well contrasted with the following episode (in D minor) "Agitato," relieved by a return to the first movement. Exquisitely played by Signor Piatti, it produced a general feeling of delight. We have not space to enumerate all the many features of high interest in the programme, but must restrict ourselves to the novelties—the remaining items of which were Mr. Hallé's first performance here of Beethoven's fantasia in G minor, op. 77, and Bach's noble concerto in C major for three pianofortes, splendidly played by the three great performers already named.

The second Philharmonic Concert, on Monday, offered a programme full of interest, only one feature of which, however, now calls for special notice—Mendelssohn's scena to words from

"Ossian," still remaining in manuscript, although produced in 1847, in which year it was sung by Mr. Henry Phillips at one of the concerts of this society. It is a fine composition, in which the declamatory style properly prevails; full of a wild and lurid grandeur and picturesque suggestiveness—the orchestral details too presenting many of those admirable touches of instrumental effect which help to give local colour to a musical picture. The scena was admirably declaimed by Mr. Santley, and we trust will be repeated at one of the ensuing concerts of the series. The remainder of the programme was full of interest, comprising Haydn's Symphony in E flat (Letter T), the old air by Rossi, "Ah rendimi," expressively sung by Mdle. Drasdil, a selection from Beethoven's music to "The Ruins of Athens," Hummel's beautiful A flat concerto admirably played by that clever pianiste, Mdle. Mehlig, Rossini's overture to "Tell," and (forming the second part of the concert) Mendelssohn's "Walpurgis Night," the solos by the two singers already named and Mr. Wilford Morgan. In all these performances the improvement in the orchestral playing resulting from Mr. Cusins' appointment last year as conductor, was again manifest.

#### MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

*Mozart's Sonatas for the Piano.* Edited and fingered by Walter Macfarren. (Ashdown & Parry.)—We have here the twenty solo sonatas of Mozart, a series of works varying in difficulty from the most melodious simplicity, such as that of No. 17 in C, to the lofty grandeur of that in C minor, No. 14, the companion work to the Fantasia, in the same key, given as No. 15 of this edition. The whole series forms a collection of valuable works, each bearing more or less impress of the genius of a great composer whose individuality is felt even in the smallest of these productions. The new edition now referred to is well engraved and printed, and rendered peculiarly useful to students by Mr. Macfarren's copious and excellent directions for the fingering.

The musical magazines have been accumulating since our last notice of them—the second number (for March) of *Exeter Hall* (Messrs. Metzler & Co., Great Marlborough-street), a publication devoted to music of a sacred character, contained a very special feature—an organ prelude by Mendelssohn, hitherto unpublished. One of the notable characteristics of genius is the power shown in productions even of the smallest dimensions. In Mendelssohn's "Lieder ohne Worte," and in his chamber songs we have abundant proofs of this; many of them containing in the space of a single page a complete manifestation of a certain mood of art and feeling. In the organ prelude before us, longer than some of the "Lieder" referred to, we have another instance of that distinctness of thought and individuality of style which only a great man can display in such compass. The piece, which is in C minor, commences with a pedal bass, on which is raised a superstructure of imitative passages, the feature of which is preserved throughout the movement, with various ingenious harmonic transitions, that maintain a variety and interest to the end. This prelude, with the lithographed fac-simile of the original manuscript (dated Leipzig, 9th July, 1841), gives great interest to *Exeter Hall* for March; which, moreover, contains other features of value. The commencing song, "Jesus wept," by Mr. J. F. Barnett, has considerable melodic beauty, and a pervading tone of graceful calm—the accompaniment, simple and easy, yet appropriate and musicianly. Without specifying each item in the number, we may say that the contents are generally good, and varied in character, although still maintaining the sacred style. The third number of *Exeter Hall* (for the current month) begins with an impressive sacred song, "He giveth his beloved sleep," by Mr. Benedict, whose name is sufficient assurance that the piece has more than fugitive value. This is followed by a pianoforte solo by Herr Kuhe, who has taken the well-known air, "Sound the loud timbrel," and amplified it with a series of ornate passages, surrounding the theme with an added brilliancy of effect. Other solo pieces for the harmonium, by the old and modern French writers, Conperin and M. Lefebure Wély, with a new hymn and sacred song by Mr. E. J. Hopkins and Mr. Redhead, complete the contents of the present number.

*Hanover Square* (Messrs. Ashdown & Parry) has this month reached its sixth number. The present issue contains a graceful impromptu for the pianoforte by M. Lefebure Wély, a serenade by Mr. H. W. Goodban, and a song of English character by Miss Virginia Gabriel, and one in the Italian manner by Signor Randegger. Here, as in the case of *Exeter Hall*, are surely variety and value more than adequate to the small price of the publication.

## REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

## EARLY ENGLISH.\*

THE publication of a really critical edition of an early English work may be called a literary event. In the case of almost every classical writer, with the noteworthy and not very creditable exception of Herodotus, we have editions with not only good texts, but with full lists of the most important various readings. Yet even the praiseworthy Early English Text Society has been content to publish accurate transcripts of manuscripts with occasional notes of various readings. Of course, in the case of a work only known in a single manuscript, there is nothing to be done but to transcribe and to elucidate difficulties by critical conjecture. But ordinarily there are more manuscripts than one, or one or more old editions carelessly transcribed from manuscripts now lost. Whenever a work is really worth publishing on its own account as something more than a philological monument, it is worth publishing not only well, but in the best possible manner. If it illustrates the religious feeling, the moral condition, the everyday life of our ancestors gentle or simple, it is for us at least a classic in the best sense, and merits all the labour of the most laborious editor. And it is precisely with this feeling that Mr. Skeat, one of the most careful and painstaking of the Early English Text Society's editors, has undertaken a thorough edition of a work of high interest, which is found in various forms and in several manuscripts.

Langland's Vision of Piers Plowman, or the Vision of William concerning Piers Plowman, is an alliterative poem of the reign of Edward III., teaching ethics in the form of an allegory, curiously full of details of the every-day life of the time. No work of the age before the Reformation more clearly shows how the thinking Englishmen of that time were already far advanced in the direction of that great change. In this aspect, and in its portrayal of manners, lie its main interest for modern readers.

Nothing could better prove the neglect of our early literature than the general ignorance as to the state of public opinion on religious matters at the age of the work before us. We knew of the popular discontents that arose from the costly wars of the House of Anjou, of the waning power of the barons, of the efforts to raise a new order of nobles from the ranks of the merchants, but it is something new to discover, on the evidence of a second Wycliffe, that the ecclesiastics, instead of being the protectors of the poor against the tyranny of the Crown and the exactions of the nobles, were for the most part only a third class of tyrants and exactors, and that the laity who were God-fearing, were so because even then they read the Bible for themselves, and refused to be led by the mere claimants of authority. This is indeed the main subject of the work.

In his prologue, the writer describes how, one summer day, wandering on Malvern hills, he rested by a bourne's side, and falling asleep, had a marvellous sween (dream). He was in a wilderness, on the east side of which was a tower, beneath a deep dale with a dungeon, and between a fair field full of folk, of all ranks—workers and idlers—described at much length. There were in that crowd some pious people who prayed and led an austere life, but also pilgrims, "saints at Roome," who "had leave to lie all their life [after]," hermits and their wenches, "great lubbers and long that loath were to swynke [work]," friars of the four orders "glosing the Gospel."

"þer prechede a pardoner · as he a prest were,  
And brouȝt vp a Bulle · with Bisschopes seles,  
And seide þat him-self mihte · a-soylen hem alle  
Of Falsnesse and Fastinge · and of vouwes I-broken.  
þe lewede Men likede him wel · and leueþ his speche,  
And comen vp knelynge · and cussenden his Bulle;  
He bonchede hem with his Breuet and blered heore eȝen,  
Weore þe Bisschop I-blesset · and worþ bi þe his Eres,  
Heo scholde not beo so hardi · to deceyne so þe peple."

So too were there parish priests, who, since the pestilence, complain to their bishops that their parishes were poor, and so ask leave to dwell at London, to sing there for simony; bishops also who were clerks of accout; archdeacons and deacons (deans) who left their duties, by leave of their bishops, to be clerks of King's Bench; barons and burgesses and bondmen, lightly passed by, and then this charming list of traders and working people:—

\* Early English Text Society. 23. The Vision of William concerning Piers Plowman. Part I. Edited by the Rev. Walter Skeat.—27. Manipulus Vocabulorum. A Rhyming Dictionary. By Peter Levins. Edited by Henry B. Wheatley.

"Bakers, Bochers · and Brewsters monye,  
[Wollene websteris · and weeneris of lynen,  
Taillours, tanneris · & tokkeris boþe,]  
Masons, Minours · and mony oþer crafter,  
Dykers, and Deluers · þat don heore dedes ille,

\* \* \* \* \*  
Cokes and heore knaves · Cryen 'hote pies, hote!  
Goode gees and grys · Gowe dyne [Gowe]!  
Tauerners to hem · tolde þe same tale  
Wiþ good wyn of Gaskoyne · and wyn of Oseye,  
Of Rayn a[n]d of Rochel · þe Rost to defye."

The poem itself begins with the explanation of the dream by a personification of Holy Church. There is, however, at present little to explain, except, perhaps, that the tower is the abode of Truth, and the dungeon that of Evil. The action of the story begins when his guide points out to the dreamer Lady Meed or Bribery, who is about to be married to Falsehood. Objections are raised by Theology, and the dispute is taken before the King at Westminster, and Reason at last defeats Meed and her partisans. The King resolves not to let Reason leave him, to which Reason assents, if Conscience be the King's counsellor. The King and his knights go to church, and the dreamer awakes. In this part of the poem the vices of the rich and powerful classes are severely assailed, as well as the countenance given them by the clergy.

The second dream shows the same field, and Conscience, of whom we had just before heard, preaching to the folk:—

"He preide þe peple · haue pity on hem-selue,  
And preuede þat þis pestilences · weore for puire synne,  
And þis souþ · Westerne wynt · on a Saterdag at enen  
Was a-perteliche for pruide · and for no poynt elles.  
Puries and Plomtres · weore passhet to þe grounde,  
For ensample to Men · þat we scholde do þe bettere.  
Beches and brode okes · weore blowen to þe eorþe,  
And turned vpward þe tayl."

This double reference to events of the time is valuable as fixing the date of the poem. There was a great storm on the evening of Saturday, January 15, 1362. Therefore of the three great pestilences in 1348, 1361-2, and 1369, the poet clearly refers to the second, as the editor decides.

The sermon causes a stir among his hearers. The seven deadly sins (one of whom, Wrath, was originally omitted by mistake) repent, and a thousand penitents go in search of Truth. They could not find the way. They meet a palmer in pilgrim's weeds, and ask him where Truth dwells, but he cannot tell them. At this point Piers or Peter the Ploughman puts forth his head:—

"I knowe him as kyndeliche as Clerke doþ his bokes;  
Clene Consciene and wit [kende] me to his place."

He has served Truth this fifteen winters. The pilgrims proffer him money, which he refuses, and then directs them on their way in a Bunyan-like fashion. They must go through Meekness till they come to Conscience, next cross the brook Be-buxom-of-speech by the ford Honour-your-fathers, pass by Swear-not-but-thou-have-need, and the croft called Covet-not, and the two stocks Slay-not and Steal-not, turn aside at the brook Bear-no-false-witness "frettet with-Innen with Floreyns," then they shall see Say-sooth. So they shall come to a Court, clear as the Sun, with walls of Wit and battlements of Christendom, the houses roofed with Love-as-brethren. There is Truth's tower, Grace has the gate-ward, his man is called Amend-thou. The pilgrims want a guide. Piers promises to give this help, when he has ploughed his half-acre, telling them what to do in the mean time. He then receives from Truth a bull of pardon for all people who will do right:—

"Pers, quod a prest, þo · þi pardon most I reden,  
For I wol construe vch a clause · and knoven hit in Englisch.  
And Pers at his preyeve · þe pardon vnfoldeþ,  
And I bi-hynden hem boþe · bi-heold al þe Bulle.  
In two lynes hit lay · and not a lettre more,  
And was I-writen riht þus · In witnessse of treuþe:  
Et qui bona egerunt, Ibunt in vitam eternam  
Qui vero mala, in ignem eternum."

The priest denies that this is a pardon, and they argue the point so that the dreamer awakes, and musing on his dream, finely concludes this part of the poem with a contrast between doing well and indulgences. The poet admits that the Pope can grant pardons, but has much more confidence in "do-wel."

The character of Piers is obviously ideal, and may be taken to represent Christian teaching, and thus this character, "in its highest form of development, is identified by Langland with that of Christ the Saviour—'Petrus est Christus.'"

The close of the second poem suggests the key-note of the third, more markedly than in the case of the first and second. This third poem treats of Do-wel, Do-bet, and Do-best. The author describes how as he was wandering in search of Do-wel

he met two Minorite friars, and disputed with them on the doctrine of free will. He left them, not having come to any result, and recommenced his search. Then falling asleep he had another dream. In this he is instructed by Thought and further by Wit, who thus defines the three degrees of good works:—

"Penne is Dowel to dreden, and Dobet to suffren,  
And so cometh Dobest about and bringeth a-down Modi,  
And þat is wikkede wil."

Do-well is to fear God, Do-bet to suffer, and Do-best to be lowly of heart.

Afterwards the poet encounters Clergy who explains that Do-well is an active life, such as that of work-people; Do-bet is to clothe beggars, and comfort the afflicted, and live in unity with one's brethren; Do-best is to teach the people by preaching. Thereupon a difference of opinion arises, and the poet ends by maintaining that learning is not sufficient to guide men to salvation, and that there is better hope for the honest ignorant people than for great clerks "þat conne many bokis."

This slight outline will show the value of this curious work, which has been very judiciously selected for critical editing, as its interest is constant, and the exact meaning of each sentence and word is well worth the pains of the critic.

The "Manipulus Vocabulorum" of Peter Levins, a rhyming dictionary of Queen Elizabeth's time, might, with any other work than that just noticed, attract a fair share of attention. It is not only an old English dictionary, but the first rhyming one. Minor points of interest are the pronunciation of words. In the matter of accent we find perseverance as in Shakespeare, but contrary not contrary. So, too, the rhymes suggest, though, as the editor remarks, they do not prove, sameness of sound. "To ache" rhymes with "wache," to watch, an agreement which would have delighted John Kemble. The juxtaposition of bough, chough, cough, plough, slough, &c., can scarcely be doubted to indicate a general agreement in their pronunciation. Scholars will find abundant matter for study in this volume, though it lacks the wide interest of most of its companions.

#### CHARLES THE BOLD.\*

We have here the third and concluding volume of Mr. Kirk's life of Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy—a work of considerable labour and of some pretensions, with respect to which, however, we are disposed to remark that it gives undue prominence to a figure which, after all, is not of first-rate importance in the history of Europe. For, although Charles the Bold was a man of courage, energy, and ability, and although he passed a life of action and intrigue, in the course of which he was brought into contact or collision with most of the great potentates of the day, he was not the centre of any very remarkable system of events, nor has he exercised any permanent influence on the fortunes of his country. He was a military chieftain of the feudal type, coming at the close of the feudal age, and, while creating much agitation at the time, leaving behind him no lasting results, nor even a special type of character. The interest we feel in him is but transitory, and three thick octavo volumes seem rather too much for a subject of secondary value. In addition to this, we have an objection to make to Mr. Kirk's style. It is ambitious, sentimental, prone to "effect" and mannerism. Sometimes the mode is that of the historical novelist—at others, that of the historical satirist; and here and there an affectation of Carlyleism is disagreeably apparent. Because Charles the Bold thought fit to make war in the Jura, for instance, we are to be troubled with the following bit of fine writing, which it is not too much to say is nothing to the purpose:—"When the spectators on the Rigi have watched successive groups of giant Alps rise out of the night, and receive on their icy brows warm kisses from the radiant dawn, the eye turns in quest of further marvels to the opposite quarter of the panorama, across tablelands and plains dotted with towns and lakes, and bounded by the distant chain of the Jura. But there the horizon offers none of the grand and entrancing aspects of a mountain range. That long, straight, dusky line, with no variety of form or play of colour, belongs not to the picture, but to the frame. If we transfer our point of view to the Lake of Geneva, and choose for our comparison the evening instead of the morning light, the contrast is still more striking. For then the mountains of the Valais and of Savoy unveil themselves to the declining sun, and, as the mist rolls off, each snowy summit and grey pyramid flushes into soft crimson before his parting glance. The lake, like a

conscious witness, trembles and burns. But Jura, wrapping herself in a darker mantle, interposes to cut short the glowing scene. The lingering orb is snatched away. The matchless mirror ceases to reflect. Pallid, yet serene, the majestic Alps recede into the gloom." Now, what has all this to do with the operations of Charles the Bold, in 1474, amongst the mountains in question? To give a general idea of the country in which any of the leading events of a history have taken place, is a very proper exercise of the historian's skill; and the more vivid the picture the better, since it enables the reader to understand all the more clearly the nature of the events themselves, supplies the human action with its appropriate background, and makes us feel that history is not a mere collection of dates, but a drama with life in it, and all the associations of life. But we do not see what is to be gained by merely panoramic writing, studious of atmospheric effects which mean nothing, and abounding in colour laid on for the colour's sake. Quite as little do we like the would-be dramatic style, evinced in such passages as—"It required his strongest efforts to control a burst of passion, &c. The double-dyed traitor! How much longer must vengeance be delayed? But let it not be put to hazard by a premature declaration." Nor do we admire the historico-satirical style which we find here and there; as—"So effective was this policy that, before half the seven years' truce had expired, he was enabled to make a new and closer treaty—a treaty of peace and amity—to continue in force during his own and Edward's lifetime, and for a hundred years afterwards. *Triumphant Louis!*" Of the spasmodic manner, take this as a specimen:—

"He [Charles] had his wish; he was alone. Who more alone than he, in all the camp, in all the world? O, misery! Abandoned, betrayed, encompassed by foes—severed by a gulf from the faithful few! Within—the swellings of pride, the hissings of defiance, the goadings of fate! The world against him, God not with him—O, misery, O, misery!"

"Was it, in truth, too late? Lorraine, the Burgundies, were lost beyond redemption. The aspirations of the past must be buried for ever. But might he not, by bending to the storm, still save himself from total shipwreck? Might he not, by protracting the contest, weary down or outlive his antagonist? Might he not—Ah, no! Another might—another who had never soared so high to fall so low; who had never taken between his teeth the bit of destiny and felt its inexorable lash; whose heart, in either fortune, had beat with the steady pulsations of a machine; such a one—not he!"

Or this, towards the close of the book, summing up the character of Duke Charles:—

"Thou art right, Communes!—with all his faults, his nature was noble. It has been said that no one mourned for him. It is false; many mourned—noble hearts everywhere; enemies who had fought without rancour or baseness, allies who had tested his fidelity, servants and companions who had known him better than the world. When the knights of the Golden Fleece assembled for the first time after his death, in the spring of 1478, and saw his escutcheon draped in black and inscribed with the word 'Deceased,' they burst into loud lamentations."

"But many exulted? O, yes! dastards everywhere—the burghers of Alsace, who had feared, wronged, and defamed him; the burghers of Flanders, who had abandoned him to his fate; the French king and his—"

It is a piece of affectation, also, to conclude a history in such a fashion as the following:—"At the head [of Charles's tomb] is another tablet. It contains the motto which he had adopted at the time of his accession, when the future was radiant with triumphs, to be won, to be enhanced, by arduous struggles. *Je l'ay empris—bien en avienne!*—'I have undertaken it—may good come of it!' . . . Alas! . . . Alas!"

When not led astray by these absurdities, however, Mr. Kirk can write vigorously and well—with real instead of false vividness, and with a power of interesting his readers. Here is a good passage describing the treaty of alliance between Charles the Bold and his brother-in-law, Edward IV. of England, for the invasion of France by the latter—an invasion which ended in Edward treacherously going over to the common enemy, after an ignominious parade on French soil:—

"The treaty, with its supplementary provisions, had been signed at Westminster on the 25th, 26th, and 27th of July, 1474. It stipulated that an English army 'magnificently equipped,' and led by the king in person, should land in Normandy, or elsewhere, before the next 1st of July. Charles, on his part, was to uphold the pretensions of Edward and support him with his person and power, bringing into the field a force of not less than ten thousand men. In recompense for such assistance, as well as 'in gratitude for the many favours' which he had already rendered to his ally, he was to receive the provinces of Champagne, Bar, Brie, the Nivernais—in short, all that part of France which bordered on his present dominions; and he was to hold these conquests, as likewise the several French fiefs which he already possessed, independently of the French crown, by 'a supreme right' to be thereafter acknowledged and confirmed by the States-General. During the prosecution of the war neither of the contracting parties was to treat with the enemy, or even to receive any overtures from him, without first consulting the ally and giving time for

\* History of Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy. By John Foster Kirk. With Portraits. Vol. III. London: John Murray.

his representatives to attend; no arrangement should be entered into except by joint consent; nor was either to abandon the enterprise while the other should choose to persevere.

"The announcement of this scheme was received by the English nation with an unparalleled burst of enthusiasm. All classes united in embracing it, and Edward, whose popularity had been upon the wane, again found himself the darling of the populace. After all his triumphs it needed a career of victory in France to set the seal upon his dynasty. There were happily no meddling reformers to declaim against the thirst for conquest, or to preach unwelcome lessons of economy. Every grant proposed in Parliament was voted without demur. The clergy mulcted themselves in a tenth of their income, and the example was followed by both Lords and Commons. The merchants of London and all the principal towns vied with each other in the amount of their 'benevolences.' Wealthy widows doubled their gifts after a squeeze of the royal hand or a kiss from the royal lips. Throughout the kingdom there was a bustle of preparation. Ordinary business was suspended, labour being diverted from its regular channels, and so large a quantity of money withdrawn from circulation that, in some parts of the kingdom, corn and other commodities were unsaleable at half the customary rates. Proclamations were issued directing the impressment of sailors, carters, wheelwrights, and smiths, and the seizure of ships and waggons, of powder, saltpetre, and other munitions. 'Flechers' were ordered to make nothing but 'shefe-arrows,' and 'bowiers' to make their staves into bows with all possible haste. Contracts were entered into with knights and others for the enlistment of so many archers and men-at-arms, to serve for 'one whole year,' during which time there should be 'noon assise generally ne speciall' against the persons engaged. Among the nobles there were not a few who, besides furbishing up their arms and mustering their retainers, dived into the boxes containing their title-deeds, and drew out the worm-eaten parchments which would establish their right to the estates once held by their ancestors within the realm of France."

The character of Charles has, we think, been over-estimated by Mr. Kirk. His was a life of incessant, and often unjustifiable, warfare; and his defeat and death at Nancy, in 1477, brought the independence of his duchy to an end, and led to its incorporation with France. It should not be forgotten that, although by some historians he is called "Charles the Bold," by others he is designated "Charles the Rash."

#### STUDIES IN POETRY AND PHILOSOPHY.\*

THE four essays which form this volume are reprinted, with alterations, from the *North British Review*. They are the work of a fairly intelligent man, who has read much, studied some things attentively, and writes, except upon philosophic idealism, with very little bias. Wordsworth, Coleridge, Keble, and what he calls "The Moral Dynamic," are respectively his subjects; the essay on Coleridge, perhaps, being that in which the intensity of his sympathy has enabled him to give his views a distinct individualism. Professor Shairp has evidently been one of the "young inquiring men" who believed in the mysterious powers of the Highgate seer; and the faith of his youth has not departed from him. With all the ardour of a genuine disciple he enters, in the present volume, into an analytic description of what Carlyle once irreverently called "the locus-pocus of reason *versus* understanding;" and, with all the dogmatism of a genuine disciple, he never ceases to assume that his master and he are in the right. Indeed, there are scattered throughout these "Studies" passages in which the author, who evidently wishes to write impartially, begs the question in a very amusing manner. In this essay on Coleridge, for instance, he steps aside to lament over the bigotry or blindness which "characterizes" Mr. Mill. Here are his very words—"But it is characteristic of Mr. Mill, that, though gifted with a power, which no other writer of his school possesses, of entering into lines of thought, and of apparently sympathizing with modes of feeling, most alien to his own, he still, after the widest sweep of appreciation, returns at last to the ground from which he started, and there entrenches himself within his original tenets as firmly as if he had never caught a glimpse of other and higher truths, with which his own principles are inconsistent." A follower of Mr. Mill would probably say that this read like the complaint of the sparrow against the eagle:—"You have come down from your rock, and you see the crumbs I pick up in the farm-yard, and yet you are so inconsistent as to prefer your own food and the windy height of your nest." Did it not strike Professor Shairp, in writing this sentence, that a man of such wide sympathy and true insight would accept higher truths if he considered them to be higher; that what were higher truths to Professor Shairp and his school might be only gratuitous, though possibly comfortable, fallacies, to Mr. Mill and his school; and that the charge of bigotry against Mr. Mill is, on the very face of it, absurd? As an essayist, however, Professor Shairp may claim to be allowed a certain latitude of expression;

it is in his treatise on "The Moral Dynamic" that his tendency to bolster up his arguments by half-concealed assumptions becomes more prominent and more reprehensible.

The essay on Wordsworth, which begins this volume, is a masterpiece of patient and loving criticism. It does not furnish the author with so much vague and plastic material as the life and philosophy of Coleridge offer; and throughout it Professor Shairp keeps well to his subject. It is less suggestive, perhaps, than his sketch of Coleridge; but it is more compact and artistic. Biographical criticism has now so firmly established itself in our literature that we are not surprised Professor Shairp should have entered upon a sketch of Wordsworth's life and an estimate of his writings at one and the same time; carrying these hand-in-hand through the essay, and making each throw light on the other. Now, we are at present much in want of some such recollective essay as this is. The present generation—especially the young men of it—looks at Wordsworth's poems as the independent expression of a poetic imagination, and forgets the great work which the man himself accomplished. To comprehend this, we require something more than the cut-and-dry sketches of schools, influences, and revolutions which poetic history, as condensed for the youthful pupil, generally offers. We require to "feel" the power with which Wordsworth had to contend; and we require to be reminded at the same time of the real value of the reaction which he initiated. Wordsworth is not popular just now, and that is little matter; a much graver consideration is the tendency to sneer at him which has received a strong impetus from one or two minor poets of the Byronic type, and from the followers which such young gentlemen generally manage to secure. If Professor Shairp's essay does not impress the reader with a vivid sense of the work and value of Wordsworth, nothing will. It must be remembered that the majority of readers are wholly incapable of forming a judgment for themselves. When the power of Browning or the sweetness of Tennyson is pointed out to them, they perhaps recognise it; but when a new contemporary product—such as Walt Whitman, for example, at the present time—is presented to them, they have no standard, nor any faculty of estimating, and are prone to satisfy themselves with picking out the superficial characteristics of his phraseology, because it differs from that to which they are accustomed. Especially in the case of Wordsworth, these readers see only so much as has been pointed out to them by careful critics; and the judgment of Wordsworth which this or that man possesses, is almost invariably a reflex of the impressions of the people with whom he associates. Believing that Professor Shairp has fairly, conscientiously, and vividly represented Wordsworth's true position as a poet, we cordially commend this essay to all readers, whatever may be their opinion on the subject.

Of the essay on Coleridge we have incidentally spoken. It is loose, vague, and suggestive as Coleridge himself. Professor Shairp battles for his master valiantly; and when the latter gets into a hopeless quagmire, his henchman gallantly plunges in after him. Some of our readers may have been bothered at one period of their life by those "truths of the reason" which were the cardinal points of the creed of the young men who got their German metaphysics through Coleridge. Here is a humorous little passage about these truths; the fun of the thing lying in Professor Shairp's reference to the "uninitiated." Coleridge "maintained that it was to him no argument against a truth of reason, if, after passing through the logical process, it issued in propositions which seem illogical and contradictory. To this, one of the uninitiated might naturally reply, 'It may be so; but if your truths of the reason when attempted to be logically expressed issue in contradictions, by what test am I to distinguish such a truth of reason from absolute nonsense?' A satisfactory reply to such a querist," adds Professor Shairp, candidly, "I do not know that Coleridge has ever furnished." The essay on Keble we like least of these four studies,—the author apparently striving to give his subject a literary importance which it decidedly wants. No one disputes the grace, piety, and intellectuality of the verses written by such men (widely as they differ) as Keble, Newman, and George MacDonald; but to advocate the charms of these verses regarded merely as so many poetical tentatives is a most difficult task. In the very instances quoted by Professor Shairp, we find plenty of piety, but little poetry. What can be more bald than the following, which is given as an example of genuine symbolism?—

"The glorious sky, embracing all,  
Is like the Maker's love,  
Wherewith encompassed great and small  
In peace and order move."

And on the opposite page is another quotation, almost every

\* Studies in Poetry and Philosophy. By J. C. Shairp, Professor of Humanity, St. Andrews. Edinburgh: Edmonston & Douglas.

line of which contains some commonplace image or trashy sentiment :—

"How quiet shows the woodland scene!  
Each flower and tree, its duty done,  
Reposing in decay serene,  
Like weary men when age is won," &c.

Such phrases as men "winning" old age, and flowers and trees doing their duty; and such epithets as "decay serene" and "woodland scene" are more fitted for nursery imitations of Dr. Watts than for the pages of a man who is said to be a writer of "genuine poetry." The essay on "The Moral Dynamic" is an interesting key to the processes of conviction common to men of Professor Shairp's habit of thought. In his preface he says that it is an attempt to find the ground on which morality and religion meet. "It is certain that, when seen in their close and vital bearing on each other, moral thought will give substance and steadfastness to religion, and religion will give to morality a transcendent sanction and spiritual energy." We fail to discover, however, the precise means by which Professor Shairp would bring the moralist and religious teacher together as distinguished from the mutual understanding at present existing between them; and find, instead, the author's opinion of Mr. Mill, intuitional ideas, "Ecce Homo," and Positivism. And we are more than ever convinced that modern literature and journalism will not be delivered from one of their greatest pests until we shall be enabled to send to the treadmill any man who advocates or attacks Positivism without having read every one of M. Comte's volumes.

#### BISHOP LONSDALE.\*

We have here a biography, such as biographies written by sons and sons-in-law very rarely are. It does full justice to its subject, and does it in a spirit of affection. But there it stops. The late Bishop Lonsdale deserves all that Mr. Denison has written in his praise. He was one of those men, as his biographer remarks, whose greatness consists in performing the ordinary duties of life better than other people, and who are content to devote to this modest ambition talents of a superior order. He did this at the sacrifice of tastes which are not easily resisted when they are accompanied by natural gifts in harmony with them. From the time he became a bishop his devotion to the business of his office was such that, in spite of his love for literature, he had to deny himself the learned ease which a bishop, if any one, ought to be able to enjoy. Yet, from his early youth, he displayed the taste and judgment of a scholar, as such portions of his writings as are printed in this volume amply testify. Dr. Kennedy, whose recollections of the bishop we find at page 239, regards him as one of the highest possible examples of the humanizing influence of a classical education. What he was in the government, first of King's College, London, where he succeeded Mr. Rose as principal, and afterwards of his diocese we have a just report from Archdeacon Allen, who acted under him in both capacities. "I was first struck," he says, "with his marvellous kindness. I felt that I had never known one who showed so much sympathy, so much consideration for others. It seemed as if he could not say a harsh word to one, and that if it was necessary to give an admonition to recall one to greater exactitude in duty, this admonition was only given by his increased gentleness and kindness and affection." It was, no doubt, this amiability of character which led persons who were not well acquainted with Dr. Lonsdale's character to speak of him as weak, and easy to influence; and to his habit of taking counsel with others appears to have arisen another mistake with regard to him, namely, that he was led rather by their opinions than by his own. But both estimates of him were wrong. "It sometimes was his practice," says Archdeacon Allen, "when he was specially anxious to come to a right judgment on a matter that arose for consideration, to veil his own opinion for a time, if that opinion agreed with your own, and to ply you with all the difficulties that occurred to him as possible to be urged from the opposite side of the question, so that the matter might be looked at in all lights, and the fallacy, if any, that was lurking in your reasoning might be brought into view." This was plainly the characteristic of a judicial mind which could not be satisfied until every side of a case had been explored. And it was observable in whatever he did; this and the thoroughness of his work were amongst the leading features of his character. At page 243 Archdeacon Allen gives instances of his anxiety to be right :—

"His excessive care to do accurate justice, for a short time after he first came in the principal's place at King's College, doubled my work in the looking over of papers. The theological teaching of the students was at that time left with the principal and the chaplain. There were a large number of written answers to questions to be looked over by the principal every fortnight, the names of the students being arranged after each fortnightly examination according to the merit of their answers in eight or ten classes. The work was very laborious. When Mr. Lonsdale first came to King's College, having made his list of the classified names in these fortnightly examinations, he would have me to go through the same papers to try if his estimate agreed with mine. He found, however, after two or three experiments, that there was no substantial difference between the results that each of us had attained separately, and he then ceased to require my services in that matter."

He was equally scrupulous in another matter, about which even estimable men are sometimes not particular—namely, in replying to correspondents, even to each sentence of their letters; and though he was conscious that there were persons who would write to him without necessity, and discuss matters of no pressing importance, "that they might have the pleasure of reading to others the remarks elicited from him." We can quite understand the influence such a man would exercise on those about him, and we are much struck with a brief but eloquent tribute to his memory which we find at page 248 :—"He was happy in himself, and it was a happiness to have anything to do with him." Very similar to this testimony are some of the sayings of the poor with regard to him when he died :—

"The poor," says Mr. Denison, "are not rich in their vocabulary. The saying that we heard most from them was the expressive one, 'What a pity he is dead!' 'He was such a comfortable man!' was another; and those who could remember five bishops said, 'We never had such people here before, and we never shall.' For one or two Sundays after his funeral nearly all the people were in mourning as for a royal death; and so they were at Lichfield. One who knows as much as anybody of the bishops and clergy of England, said to me in Yorkshire, when the news of his death came, 'He is the only bishop for whom any real tears will be shed.' Such sayings are of course not to be taken literally; but, though the deaths of a few distinguished men have been greater public calamities, I remember no such general demonstrations of grief for the death of any man; and the fact that he had so little of a public character makes this the more striking."

When the poor said that Bishop Lonsdale was "a comfortable man," they of course meant that he was so as regarded them and not himself. But his equable mind, his freedom from ambition, his total devotion to duty in all the employments which he filled, were guarantees that he would be also comfortable in himself. He was of good parentage. His father was the Rev. John Lonsdale, of Trinity College, Cambridge, whose father was a gentleman of independent means; and his mother was "an heiress in a small way of a very old Yorkshire family named Gylby." From his earliest youth he was marked by his qualities of mind and disposition for success; and now that he is no more, his biographer is able to sum up his career in a passage in which there is no trace of exaggeration :—

"We know," he says, "the saying of the wisest pagan, that no man can be pronounced happy till his death. Bishop Lonsdale may now be pronounced singularly happy both in his life and in his death. His early success at school and college, his steady advancement for a long time under two archbishops, and two of the wisest statesmen of his time—Peel and Lyndhurst; health which never failed so far as to stop his work, means always beyond the wants of his simple mode of life, the love of many friends both old and new, and the affection and respect which he won everywhere, among people of all ranks, ages, and opinions; a family who were all that he could desire, and his children's children rising up full of promise; even his one domestic sorrow, the loss of his wife, made up to him as far as possible by the well-known assiduity, ability, and discretion of the daughter who was left with him;—all these, with his wonderful cheerfulness and freshness of spirit, and enjoyment of all that was good in every thing and every man, make up a sum of blessings such as is allotted to very few. So we have seen him speaking more than once of 'the goodness and mercy which had followed him all the days of his life.' And at last, while he was rejoicing in the presence of his three daughters, he was, as it were, translated, without tasting any pains of death; not in the labour and sorrow of fourscore years, but with his eye scarcely dim or his natural force abated, for he had that very day lifted up his voice in public, with a force unheard from him before, in defence of the cause of education and the Church, against an opposition which he thought prejudiced and unfair."

The allusion here is to an opposition to the establishment of a middle-class school at Denstone, in Staffordshire, on the ground that it was a device of the Romanizing party in the Church to obtain the religious training of the youth of the middle classes. The Bishop very strongly combated this opposition, at a meeting held at Stafford on the 19th of October last. It was probably the excitement of this meeting that hastened his death, of which Mr. Denison gives some brief but interesting particulars. Bishop Lonsdale was a thoroughly honest man; a gentleman in the best sense of the word; pains-

\* The Life of John Lonsdale, Bishop of Lichfield; with some of his Writings. Edited by his Son-in-Law, E. B. Denison. London: Murray.

taking and conscientious in the performance of all his duties; and his biography may be read with profit by all whose ambition will be contented with that fidelity to the work any man has to do, and which will not be content without doing it, whatever it may be, with the highest possible efficiency.

#### TWO NEW NOVELS.\*

IN the novels before us we have the heroine of romance in two widely dissimilar but strictly conventional types. Mrs. Banks has produced a very fiend in petticoats whose wrongs we have to deplore, and at whose vengeance we are expected to shudder; and Mrs. Grey trots out that angel in muslin who only wants but a little humanity to make her perfection, and who has so long and on so many occasions borne her part in the trials and troubles of fiction, that she is too well known to need any description. Rhoda Wearbank, the young lady whose doings make up the greater portion of "*Stung to the Quick*," makes her appearance under circumstances disadvantageous rather than otherwise in ordinary life, but favourable in the extreme in the pages of a three-volume novel. An entertainment is being given at the house of Mr. Marsh to celebrate the birth of his daughter Eva, and whilst the enjoyment and comfort within doors offers the strongest contrast to the cold and misery without, a cry is heard, and the startled guests rush to the banks of the adjoining river in time to see a woman commit suicide, and to rescue the baby which she has left on the bank from perishing by cold. The little thing is taken home by Mr. Marsh, named Rhoda Wearbank, and brought up with little Eva. We are inclined to regard Rhoda as a moderately good little girl, notwithstanding the prophetic utterances of one of those old serving men whom novelists keep on hand for looking into the future, but she has the misfortune to be placed with Eva at the same school as a certain Miss Lucy Hesketh, whose cruel treatment changes the whole current of her life. Lucy Hesketh is blessed with a mother—an inveterate gossip and pitiless shrew, and has diligently cultivated those qualities which distinguished her parent. It unfortunately happened that Rhoda and Miss Hesketh led two parties in the school, and, as might be expected, they soon came into collision, with fatal effect upon poor Rhoda.

"One day a dispute having arisen in the playground, Rhoda volunteered a decision meant to be conclusive, but Miss Hesketh stepped forward, and, with a lack of delicacy surely inherited, poured forth a torrent of invective which caused Rhoda to stand aghast with fiery eyes, and Eva to shed tears like a fountain.

"And pray, Miss Wearbank, who made you a ruler amongst us? What right have you here, amongst ladies? Your proper place is the workhouse school; you have no business showing your airs here!"

"My cousin has as much right here as you have, Miss Hesketh, so long as papa pays for her; and she is much more of a lady, I am sure!" struck in little Eva, boldly doing battle for Rhoda, who appeared too benumbed by this unexpected attack to assert her own right.

"Your cousin, indeed! And don't you, little baby-face, know any better than that? Why, her mother was a beggar-woman, or worse, who drowned herself, and left my lady there in the snow, the night of your christening! My mother was there, and saw it! You needn't stare with your great black eyes, Miss Wearbank! A most romantic name, surely—Wearbank! Who gave you that name? Your god-fathers and your godmothers in your baptism, eh? Miss Rhoda Wearbank!"

"The malicious girl gave a loud laugh, faintly echoed by some few of her own friends, whilst others, more humane, cried 'Shame, shame!'"

"It's a great wicked story you are telling, and you ought to be ashamed of yourself, Lucy Hesketh!" was Eva's tearful protest.

"It's as true as I'm standing here, and plenty of people know it besides me. You know it, don't you, Jane Sykes? and you, too, Bella Monks? And my mother says her mother was something worse than a beggar-woman."

"The girls appealed to nodded in silent acquiescence, the buzz in the playground deepening as the partisans waxed warm.

"And what of Rhoda during this shower of tongue-stones?—what?"

"With blanched face, rigid lips, close-set teeth, and eyes like living coals, she listened as she stood like a statue of amaze and horror; then, without a word, rushed bonnetless from the playground, followed by the weeping Eva.

"Through the Bailey, under the archway down to the river bank, over the Prebend's Bridge, she tore along like a maniac to their own door in South-street, which she flung open with impetuous haste.

"Darting into the presence of Mrs. Marsh, she gasped, 'Is it—is it true? Am I—am I——' and sank in a fit at her good aunt's feet.

"Great was the consternation in the house, which was not allayed

\* *Stung to the Quick: a North Country Story.* By Mrs. G. Linneus Banks. Authoress of "*God's Providence House*." Three vols. London: Charles W. Wood.

*Love's Sacrifice.* By Mrs. William Grey. Three vols. London: Hurst & Blackett.

when Eva followed, out of breath with haste and tears, and gave a broken account of the scene in the playground, choking her narrative with sobs.

"Dr. Grove, their medical man, was sent for and was promptly in attendance, but convulsion followed convulsion, mocking at remedies, and threatening life itself."

Rhoda recovers from her illness with a disposition incapable of friendship, and having apparently but one object in life, the involving her friends and enemies alike in all the misery she can accomplish, she endeavours to effect her purpose by means which must have been eminently gratifying to a lady of such fierce passions, and strong determination. It is almost unnecessary to observe that Rhoda's enemies are principally of her own sex, and being of that sex naturally have lovers, and Rhoda makes it the object of her life to drag friends, and enemies, and lovers, into one common ruin. She endeavours to get into the meshes of her net, and secures a hold more or less strong upon the affections of three persons, whose only offence seems to have been their sex. Edwin Grove, an affianced lover of Lucy Hesketh's, falls over head and ears in love with Rhoda, jilts Lucy that he may make her an offer of marriage, which she rejects. She makes a fool of Lucy's brother, Cuthbert Hesketh, the captain of a trading vessel, and who is engaged to the amiable daughter of a country clergyman, and she almost succeeds in robbing Eva of the affections of Frank, afterwards Sir Francis Raeburn, but that estimable pair having got married, she is for a time foiled. She afterwards, however, takes a desperate revenge upon poor Eva. Having managed to introduce herself into Mr. Raeburn's house, she, during his absence, drugs his wife, carries her to an unused room in a lofty tower, keeps her a prisoner there for some months, and gets Mr. Raeburn to believe that his wife has eloped with the sea captain. Eva at length learns by a letter from Rhoda that she is to be starved to death, and, anxious to escape that fate, she manages to escape from her prison by climbing down the ivy, and whilst she is recovering from the violent illness which ensued upon this adventure, Rhoda is dealing out vengeance in other quarters. Lucy Hesketh has become enamoured of her Italian singing master, who speaks broken English delightfully, and presses his suit with such ardour that the girl, notwithstanding a lingering affection for Edwin Grove, consents to elope with him. She and the singer take up their quarters at several inns, and, although they occupy separate rooms, the Italian manages by such means as strewing his wardrobe and hair-brushes about her room, to produce an undesirable inference. At length, on the evening that preceded the day fixed for their marriage Lucy went to rest with a promise not to oversleep herself, and full of hope and faith in her dear Jacopo.

"From that dreamy semi-oblivious state between sleeping and waking, she was roused to the consciousness that her door was opened, the chair removed, her candle relit.

"Jacopo was in the room, locking the door.

"She strove to move—to speak—her senses were alive, her limbs and voice enthralled. Deliberately the Signor walked to her bed-side, the light of the candle full upon his face.

"Lucy Hesketh," said a clear English voice, which made her heart leap with terror, 'do you know me?'"

"Spectacles, moustache, whiskers, were gone, high stiff collar and stock torn away, and there, opposite to Lucy's staring eyes, stood Rhoda Wearbank, cold and vindictive."

It is impossible not to sympathize with a young lady subjected to so grievous a disappointment as this, and we are consequently not surprised to find that Edwin Grove in good time turns up and marries her. Rhoda having been satiated with vengeance, goes abroad, and returns to England as the prima donna of the Italian opera, and affianced to a nobleman. On one occasion, whilst she is acting Norma, and holding the whole house entranced, she descends in a private box all the enemies of her youth—Sir Francis Raeburn and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Grove, and, as the provincial newspapers would say, Captain Hesketh and lady. Sir Francis rushes behind the scenes, determined to punish one who had inflicted so much misery upon his household, and just as Rhoda is receiving the ovations of the audience, she turns round, sees Sir Francis and her lover, Lord Greville, in conversation, bursts a blood-vessel, and dies. Although the style of this novel is not unexceptionable, and although the dialogue throughout is faulty, the plot is constructed with considerable vigour. Probabilities, however are set at defiance. Such things as the imprisonment of young married ladies in lofty towers in a forest might have done very well ever so many hundreds of years ago, but are rather out of place in the midst of a manufacturing district, and in the latter half of the nineteenth century—whilst such a love-affair as that between Rhoda Wearbank and Lucy Hesketh is inconsistent with human nature in even its most primitive form. These defects, how-

ever, after all, indicate a degree of force in the conception of the plot which is not its least merit.

In "Love's Sacrifice," as the name of the book would lead one to expect, the best side of feminine human nature is brought into prominence, and we are introduced to everything that is excellent in woman, with just a little of what is undesirable, by way of contrast. The plot may be divided into two stages. In the first, we have Constance Wentworth, a young English girl, placed at the French boarding-school of Madame de la Pena, in order that her mother may devote all her time and care to her brother Archie, an invalid. Constance befriends a poor little orphan, Marie, who is in the same school; and when both girls go into the neighbourhood of the grand old town of Avranches, in Normandy, to spend the summer vacation with Mrs. Wentworth and Archie, they meet Henry Carteret, a young English doctor, who is in attendance upon the sick youth. Madame de la Pena, who is a thoroughly bold and bad woman, accompanies them, and endeavours to inveigle Henry Carteret; but he has fallen in love with Constance, and succeeds in resisting the violent siege which the schoolmistress has laid on his affections. After the return of the girls, Madame de la Pena schemes to get Constance, who has a large fortune, married to her brother, an opera-singer; and both brother and sister manage things so well that the poor little girl thinks at last that she has fallen in love with the handsome Frenchman. One evening, whilst they are at a fête, Constance is parted from her friends, finds that her carriage has gone, and allows the opera-singer, Lavallée, to place her in a hired conveyance. In a little time she realizes the fact that she has eloped, and is so affected by the discovery that she falls ill and dies, but not before Henry Carteret comes to the rescue, and dismisses the lover. The scene shortly afterwards changes to England. Henry Carteret is deeply in love with Marie. Madame de la Pena has married Sir Herbert Hardcastle; and Marie, out of devotion to Constance's memory, marries Archie, the invalid. The very morning of the marriage Mrs. Wentworth falls down dead of heart disease, and the shock to Archie is so great that he lapses into a state of idiocy, looks upon poor Marie, his bride, as his mother, and continues in this state throughout a period of about ten or eleven years. Marie all this time has the control of an estate worth £60,000 a year, of which, however, she is to retain only £3,000 in the event of her marrying after Archie's death, and she is a most devoted nurse to her husband, although she is all the time warmly attached to Carteret. Ultimately, on Archie's death, she relinquishes the property to the next heir, and finds happiness as the wife of her first love. From this outline of the plot it will be seen that "Love's Sacrifice" is a very agreeable story. The characters, especially those of Madame de la Pena, Constance, and Marie, are most ably conceived and delineated. Whilst, however, we have to complain of the unusual strength with which Mrs. Linnæus Banks invests Rhoda Wearbank, we think Mrs. Grey errs in the other extreme, making Marie far too good for this world, and Constance too fragile to exist anywhere outside a hothouse.

#### QUEEN BERTHA.\*

Books like that before us, in which the author, without laying claim to much personal research, and with an honest acknowledgment of the labours of those who have gone before him on the same path, presents to the general reader much that would have remained hidden from all except the students of particular subjects, cannot be too heartily welcomed. Mr. Hudson has looked down the page of early English and French history, and, guided by the old chroniclers and such modern writers as the Dean of Westminster, Sharon Turner, Wright, and Hook, gives us some pleasant glimpses into the past. We accompany him to the German homes of the Anglo-Saxons, to such halls as that described in "Beowulf," the haunts of the early recluses, the bowers in which the Saxon matron and her ladies entered upon such marvellously patient undertakings as the tapestry of Bayeaux, and the banqueting-halls where hospitality was provided for all comers. All that is interesting and reliable about the home life of our forefathers Mr. Hudson has collected in the pages of the volume before us, and although the main subject of the book is the introduction of Christianity into Great Britain by Augustine, the principal events in the early history of the country preceding that important epoch are not forgotten, nor are the labours of those holy men from Ireland, to whose efforts it is that we really owe the first introduction of

Christianity into England and Scotland, overlooked. Mr. Hudson in describing the Saxon invasion of England does not venture much beyond the account given in the ordinary school histories. He does not enter upon inquiries such as that so ably discussed by Dr. Latham as to the actual spot in Germany from which the invaders of the fourth and fifth centuries came upon these shores. We have the landing of Hengist and Horsa at Ebbs Fleet, the conversation with Vortigern as related by Roger of Wendover, the five battles fought in Kent, and the gradual establishment of the conquerors. In describing the form of government among the Saxons, and the condition of the people, Mr. Hudson also adheres pretty closely to the beaten track. In those chapters headed "The Native Place of Queen Bertha," we have a short but interesting account of the advances made by Christianity in France in the time of Clothaire and Charibert, the father of Bertha, subsequently the wife of our Ethelbert, and the protector of Augustine. In any book dealing with the introduction of Christianity into England, it is of course impossible to escape from the story describing that meeting of Gregory and the Saxon slaves in the Roman market which led him to resolve upon the conversion of the country, and we consequently meet with it here. When we reach that portion of Mr. Hudson's book in which Augustine is introduced, we feel repaid for the labour of wandering through pages of matter that most people have met with before in one form or another, and we feel that we are entering upon that stage of the subject in which the author has derived most advantage from the works of contemporary writers. We follow Augustine and his monks in the tedious journey through France; we see them insulted by the rough Anjou peasantry, and landing at that spot in Kent upon which the first Saxon invaders are said to have set foot, and we realize the curiosity and fear with which the country people must have regarded the strangers, and the dread entertained by the king lest his judgment should be affected by their spells and incantations. The description given by the Dean of Westminster in his "Memorials of Canterbury," of the interview which a few days later took place between Ethelbert and Augustine, is copied by Mr. Hudson, and is too graphic to be omitted here:—

"The Saxon king, 'the son of the Ash-tree,' with his wild soldiers round, seated on the bare ground on one side; on the other side, with a huge silver cross borne before him (crucifixes were not yet introduced), and beside it a large picture of Christ, painted and gilded, after the fashion of those times, on an upright board, came up from the shore Augustine and his companions, chanting, as they advanced, a solemn Litany, for themselves and for those to whom they came. He, as we are told, was a man of almost gigantic stature, head and shoulders taller than any one else; with him were Lawrence, who afterwards succeeded him as Archbishop of Canterbury, and Peter, who became the first abbot of St. Augustine's. They and their companions, amounting altogether to forty, sat down at the king's command, and the interview began. Neither, we must remember, could understand the other's language. Augustine could not understand a word of Anglo-Saxon, and Ethelbert, we may be tolerably sure, could not speak a word of Latin. But the priests whom Augustine had brought from France, as knowing both German and Latin, now stepped forward as interpreters; and thus the dialogue which followed was carried on much as all communications are carried on in the East. Augustine first delivered the message, which the dragoman, as they would say in the East, explained to the king. The king heard it all attentively, and then gave this characteristic answer, bearing upon it a stamp of truth which it is impossible to doubt—'Your words are fair, and your promises; but because they are new and doubtful, I cannot give my assent to them, and leave the customs which I have so long observed with the whole Anglo-Saxon race. But because you have come here as strangers from a long distance, and as I seem to myself to have seen clearly that what you yourselves believe to be good and true you wish to impart to us, we do not wish to molest you; nay, rather, we are anxious to receive you hospitably, and to give you all that is needed for your support, nor do we hinder you from joining all whom you can to the faith of your religion.'

"Such an answer, simple as it was, really seems to contain the seeds of all that is excellent in the English character—exactly what a king should have said on such an occasion—exactly what, under the influence of Christianity, has grown up into all our best institutions. There is the natural dislike of change which Englishmen still retain; there is the willingness, at the same time, to listen favourably to any thing which comes recommended by the energy and self-devotion of those who urge it; there is, lastly, the spirit of moderation and toleration, and the desire to see fair play—which is one of our best gifts, and which, I hope, we shall never lose. We may, indeed, well be thankful, not only that we had an Augustine to convert us, but that we had an Ethelbert for our king."

Mr. Hudson then describes the struggle between the bishops of the British Church and Augustine, and their conference on the banks of the Severn, detailing, as related by Bede, the circumstances under which it failed to produce any result. The appendix with which the volume concludes contains some very interesting jottings relating to the early history of Christianity in England, and gives a completeness to a very instructive and readable book.

\* Queen Bertha and Her Times. By E. H. Hudson, Author of "Recollections of a Visit to British Kaffraria." London: Rivingtons.

## THE MAGAZINES.

CAPTAIN R. F. BURTON contributes to *Fraser* the first instalment of a series of "Tales of Indian Devilry" under the general title of "Vikram and the Vampire," which promise to be both curious and entertaining. They are from the Sanskrit, and are held together by a general framework, similar to that of the "Arabian Nights," the "Decameron," and many other collections of minor stories down to our own days. The translator regards them as the original fountain of a great many later fictions; but, as may be supposed, they have a thoroughly Oriental character. They are here translated with a certain license, the adapter having "ventured to remedy the conciseness of their language, and to clothe the skeleton with flesh and blood." Mr. James Lowry Whittle contributes an article entitled "How to save Ireland from an Ultramontane University," in which we find his proposals thus stated:—

"The governing body of Trinity College is at present a very simple one. It consists of the provost and the seven senior of the thirty-two fellows. Supposing all admitted to fellowships without religious distinction, what number of Dissenters would we find among the fellows? The highest prizes now open without religious distinction are the University studentships, and amongst sixteen of them we find that only three are Dissenters. If we adopt this proportion, and suppose the number of Dissenters from the Established Church attending this University not increased by the change, we should have six Dissenters among the thirty-two fellows, and to twelve I would limit the number of open fellowships. This would provide an opening in proportion to double the number of Dissenters now graduating at Trinity College. Should the case ever arise that any candidate were excluded on account of his creed, it would be necessary to set about increasing the number of fellowships. Three have been suppressed within but a few years. These might be re-created; and where funds wanting, an additional grant would readily be obtained in furtherance of a system which had delivered the nation from an exclusive Roman Catholic University. Having got the twelve Dissenters among the fellows, we come to the real difficulty—the co-option on the board. On the board of seven there should never be more than three Dissenters at any one time. The provost and senior fellows not Dissenters should be empowered to co-opt from among the divinity professors such a number as would fill up the places on the board held by Dissenters, so as to make a full board, consisting of the provost and senior fellows, members of the Established Church, and the divinity professors so co-opted, to settle all matters connected with the divinity school, the maintenance of religious worship, and the religious supervision of the students, members of the Established Church."

"Turn Again" is the title of a poem on a subject derived from the Talmud, showing how a rabbi "fell into doubt about the Sacred Law," forsook his priestly functions, was tormented by his conscience, and finally recovered his peace of soul by returning to his old ways. The moral is, of course, intended to point in one direction only; but it clearly might apply to any one who forsook any religion, however false, and is therefore a weak-witted moral enough. Mr. Bonamy Price concludes his papers on "The Controversy on Free Banking between M. Wolowski and M. Michel Chevalier;" and an interesting historical essay, entitled "State Papers of the Reign of Henry VIII.," has been constructed out of the recently-published documents issued under the direction of the Master of the Rolls. The article on "Volcanos," by Mr. C. R. Weld, is extremely good, summarizing the facts with reference to those portentous phenomena which ancient and modern observation has collected, and describing the writer's own visit to Vesuvius during the eruption. Mr. Weld sees a great resemblance between the surface of the moon and the appearance of volcanic regions on this earth; and he thinks that, as the moon is apparently a great burnt-out volcano, our own planet may one of these days share the same fate, unless it be "destroyed in the manner pointed out by the new meteoric theory of the sun's heat:" in either case, a cheerful prospect for us poor mortals. Following on the first part of a new Scottish story, called "Oatnessiana" (which appears to be written in a lively style), an Italian lady gives an account of "A School for Young Ladies in Genoa," established in the days before Italy's independence; and we have then a political article on Mr. Disraeli's Administration and "the Irish Difficulty," which brings the number to a conclusion with a trenchant attack on the policy and character of the present Government.

Education occupies a prominent position in *Macmillan* this month, where we find two articles on the subject: one entitled "Technical Education as a National Want;" the other, "The Education of Women of the Middle and Upper Classes." The first of these, which is by Mr. J. Scott Russell, F.R.S., consists of little more than a series of extracts from the "Report relative to Technical Education" of the Schools Inquiry Commission of last year, to which the writer adds the emphatic expression of his own opinion that, unless English workmen are better instructed in the laws and methods of their crafts, we shall run great risk of losing our pre-eminence as a manufacturing nation. The second of the articles to which we are alluding is by Mrs. Garrett Fawcett, who thus states her views:—

"We should wish to see equal educational advantages given to both sexes; to open all the professions to women; and, if they prove worthy of them, to allow them to share with men all those distinctions, intel-

lectual, literary, and political, which are such valuable incentives to mental and moral progress. The University of Cambridge was the first learned body that took an important step in the reform of women's education, by admitting girls to its local examinations. The importance of this as a first step can hardly be exaggerated; it has been attended by none of those evil consequences which its original opponents so greatly feared; on the contrary, it has worked with such success that those who at first were most opposed to it are now some of its most ardent upholders. We trust, however, that Cambridge will not be content to rest here, but that, in the future, some scheme will be carried into operation, by means of which women could, with perfect propriety, become graduates of the University. I believe few, even University men, are aware how easily this could be accomplished at Cambridge. The only conditions which the University of Cambridge imposes on students prior to their passing their examinations are that they keep a certain term of residence, and that they should attend professors' lectures. Now, residence may be kept in two ways: either by entering at some college, in which case residence is kept either within its walls or in lodgings; or by residing in the house of some Master of Arts who has licensed his house as a 'hostel.' In this latter manner, residence may be kept by students without their ever setting foot within the walls of a college. There would, therefore, be no difficulty or impropriety in ladies fulfilling the conditions of residence imposed by the University; any married Master of Arts who is living at Cambridge could, by obtaining from the Vice-Chancellor the necessary license, convert his house into a hostel, and his sons or daughters, by residence in it, and by attending professors' lectures, would do all that the University requires of students previous to their passing, or trying to pass, their examinations."

From Mr. G. O. Trevelyan, M.P., we have a short article on "Memorial Literature of the American War," which might have been longer with advantage. The paper on "Ritualism," by Mr. Leslie Stephen, is full of thought. It acknowledges the earnestness of the Ritualists, and attributes their success in some degree to the interest they have shown in the poor; but it points out the logical absurdity of the High Church position. We are bidden by the Ritualists to accept the authority of "the Church" as final in matters of faith; yet they cannot tell us what Church. For, of course, an infallible Church must be meant, or we could hardly be expected to concede our right of judgment; but the Ritualist accuses the Church of Rome, and the Church of England, and all the other Churches, of having at times committed errors. "If the whole Church Catholic be meant, we have no means of knowing what its teaching may be now, or, indeed, what the Church is. You fall back, in fact, upon the old Protestant theory, and acknowledge no guide except the Bible and the primitive Church. To refer us to the Church as being a guide for the emergencies of the day, is a mere mockery, for that infallible body has not existed for many hundred years, unless an infallible body can be made up of a number of fallible bodies, all of equal authority, and all contradicting each other." This is put in a very masterly way, and indeed the whole article is well worth reading. Equally admirable in another line is Mr. Goldwin Smith's paper on "The Last Republicans of Rome," which, as may be supposed, is very anti-Imperial in its tone. We are inclined to think that the writer has not done full justice to the Empire, and that he has glossed over too favourably the many and great faults of the Republic; but the article is not substantially unfair, and it is distinguished, like all its author's work, by reflection and scholarship. The poetry of the number consists of two trifles—"Andromache," by "W. G. C.," and "Geraldine and I," by Frederick Locker. In the next number we are to have a poem by Mr. Tennyson on "Lucretius," extending to nine pages of the magazine, from which reviewers are requested to quote sparingly. Let us hope it will be better than some of the Laureate's recent verses; but that, with a subject worthy of the author's powers, and space enough for their development, it is pretty sure to be.

The *Cornhill* has a very curious paper on "Surnames in England and Wales," based on the Registration Indexes of births, marriages, and deaths which have been kept, according to Act of Parliament, during the last thirty years; from which it appears that in that space of time about thirty-nine millions of names have been recorded. This, of course, includes a great many repetitions; but it is thought that there must be some thirty thousand distinct varieties. The origin and mutations of some of these names is pleasantly traced. In the article on "The North-Frisian Outlands" we find an interesting account of a portion of Slesvig-Holstein inhabited by a race closely allied to our own, and singularly like it in many respects—a region where the people are at this moment maintaining a painful fight for existence with the encroaching sea. "A Holiday among some Old Friends" is a rather rambling piece of composition on ancient Greek warfare. "An American" discourses on the present state of "Two Great Cities"—viz., New York and San Francisco—in which we read that New York has an "underground population," living in cellars in extreme poverty, of 15,214 persons, and that in 1865 no less than 52,258 out-door poor were relieved by charity: which looks as if America had not entirely escaped the evils of the Old World. The lighter articles, besides the continuous novel, are a story called "Lady Denzil," a sketch with the title "Don Ricardo," and an essay on "The Old Loves of our Loves."

*St. Pauls* makes way with its two serials—"All for Greed" and "Phineas Finn," the latter by the editor himself. The article on

"The Panslavist Revival in Eastern Europe" is calculated to throw light on a department of foreign politics which must, sooner or later, attract general attention, but of which very little is known in England. We agree with the writer in thinking that Austria must accept her position as a pre-eminently Slavonic Power; that her German provinces must in time be absorbed in the German Empire which is now rising out of Prussia; that the Slavonians of Turkey will be naturally attracted to the great Slavonic State formed on their frontier; and that thus the advance of Russia southward would be checked, and "the false and pernicious dream of Panslavism" would vanish from our horizon. Among the other articles are a very severe review of Mr. Hepworth Dixon's "Spiritual Wives," which is denounced as unphilosophical, catchpenny, and calculated to deprave the minds of those who read it; a paper on "The Italian Academies" of former ages, full of entertaining matter, and concluding with the moral that those institutes contributed to the stagnation which long afflicted the Italian mind; and some revelations concerning "The Private Soldier as he is," by a dragoon on furlough, which ought to receive the attention of the military authorities. There is only one poem in this number; but that is good. It is a grim old legend, called "The Ballad of Squire Curtis."

The *Contemporary Review* is one of the most intellectual publications of the present day, and we always open its pages with interest, being sure to find there matter for thought, and the varied contributions of many cultivated intellects. The first article this month—"On Christ alone without Sin"—is by the Rev. J. B. Mozley, and is in reply to some observations in the *Fortnightly Review*, by Professor Tyndall, on miracles, and on Mr. Mozley's arguments with respect to them. What the latter gentleman contends for in the present article is that the entire sinlessness which Jesus asserted of himself is a fact so utterly preternatural as to be a miracle in itself, only to be proved by the material miracles he is said to have wrought. The essay is very ably written, but each reader must be left to determine for himself whether the argument is conclusive. Mr. S. Cheetham furnishes a very agreeable critical paper on "The Arthurian Legends in Tennyson," showing us where the Laureate found the subjects for his poems of British chivalry, and contrasting the old with the modern treatment. The writer shows a creditable acquaintance with his subject; but we think he yields to that species of literary cant which consists in always finding something worse in modern errors than in old, when he says that the immorality of the Arthurian romances is nothing in comparison with that of many modern novels. We have nothing to say in defence of a certain class of fictions of the present day, but we cannot let off the old romances so easily. They are often extremely sensuous, and the "Mort d'Arthur" was translated into English in one of the most licentious ages of our history—that of Edward IV.—when, but for some spice of immodesty, the work would hardly have become popular. The Dean of Ely contributes an article on "The Congé d'Élire," and the Rev. H. R. Haweis one on Gluck and Haydn, the first of a series of papers based on Lady Wallace's "Letters of Distinguished Musicians," and apparently intended to bring out the personal character of the men. "Recent Histories of Early Rome" is the title of an article by Professor Rawlinson, reviewing the works of M. Ampère and Dr. Thomas Dyer, and pointing out that the spirit of historical scepticism inaugurated by Niebuhr has led to a reaction, which, in the estimation of the writer, has carried the French and English authors in question somewhat too far. The "Middle Schools Commission Report" forms the subject of an article by the Rev. W. C. Lake, who loudly calls for a more complete system of education, to be provided by the State at the instigation of the Reformed Parliament. The paper on the *Pall Mall Gazette*, forming No. II. of the series on "The London Press," is very lively, and on the whole just; but the writer says a little too much in hinting that "the reaction" has a formidable and even alarming ally in our evening contemporary. The *Saturday Review* was set up nearly thirteen years ago as an organ of the particular kind of reaction alluded to—the reaction of high society ideas in politics and morals against the more earnest liberalism of a wider class; but, though it was to some extent successful for a little while, it has not prevented the great advance of the last few years towards democracy. Professor Maurice, in a letter to the Editor, replies to the Dean of Cork on the Irish Establishment; and a poem, founded on a Buddhist legend—not very Indian in style, however—gives variety to the number.

The *Dublin University*, in its first paper, gives an account of "Gown and Town Riots at Oxford, and their Historical Significance." The writer traces these disturbances "to one of the oldest struggles of the English towns after municipal freedom;" and, in pursuing this idea, he has produced a really curious and valuable chapter of our domestic history, throwing light on the development of local self-government in this country, and on the condition of Oxford from very early times. Gown and town riots have occurred in the streets of that learned city ever since the Anglo-Norman days, and the students seem frequently to have used the citizens with great barbarity. This constantly-renewed contention—which has occurred in other University cities besides Oxford—is described by the present writer as unsuccessful on the part of the townsmen:—

"The odds were too great against the citizens; the University always had the kings, nobles, and popes on its side, and in the last extremity the terrible weapon of excommunication never failed. But after the Reformation it is probable that these gown and town riots became mere memorials; the feeling of enmity was eliminated from them, and they occurred as a sort of custom. Afterwards the Fifth of November became the favourite day, and still continues, as we have seen. On that day riots have occurred between the scholars and the townsmen with tolerable regularity, and with little serious injury. That has happened only when evil passions have been aroused by political dissensions or by local disturbances and local grievances, as in this last instance. The universal result of these struggles between the academic and civil powers has been to the subjugation of the latter; but when we reflect upon the benefits conferred by these noble institutions upon humanity at large—when we investigate the influence they had upon dawning civilization—we can see an atonement for the sacrifice of a few cities' commerce in the immortal glory with which the universities have sanctified their names. Oxford, as a commercial city, would have passed away as a second or third-rate town; but Oxford as the seat of a University, will live in history for ever."

The paper on "A Roman Actor" relates in a pleasing manner the career of the celebrated Roscius, who, in addition to his genius as a performer, seems to have been a most estimable man. Besides its biographical character, the article is interesting for the picture it presents of the condition of the drama in the classic ages. Another paper on a dramatic subject also appears in the current number: it is called "A Parisian Theatre Two Hundred Years Ago," and adds to the pleasant gossip about Molière which appeared in the last number of this Magazine. Large instalments of two novels, and a review of Mr. Frere's "Hindoo Fairy Legends," form the other contents of the present issue.

The *Month* gives us, amongst other papers, No. III. of "Letters on Classical Education," and an article on "The Papal Zouaves," speaking, of course, very highly of those heroes, deprecating, as "the fanatical raving of dishonest opponents," all incivilities with respect to them, yet not above employing a little license on its own side by designating Garibaldi as "a man pre-eminently qualified to speak on the subject of brigandage, violence, and ruffianism of every kind." The chapters on the life of Galileo are concluded, and the utmost is done to whitewash the Papal authorities with regard to the persecution of the astronomer for the crime of saying that the sun is the centre of our system, and that the earth has a diurnal motion. The statements and arguments are much the same as those to which we alluded last week in connection with Dr. Delepiere's work on "Historical Difficulties"; but, even on the showing of the present writer, it is clear that Galileo was threatened with torture, and that it was only his prudent retraction which saved him. As it was, he was deprived of his liberty for nearly the rest of his life, though the imprisonment was not a very severe one, being for a large part of the time in his own house. Whether or not he made use of the celebrated expression, "E pur si muove," is of very little importance; but when the writer says that, even "should there have been any error in the judgment, it in no way affects the infallibility of the Church," he uses language which we confess ourselves unable to understand, since it seems to us that to fix the stamp of authority on an error is to exhibit fallibility. The article on "Folk Lore" is amusing; and the account of "The Great Earthquake at St. Thomas," which occurred last autumn, is full of minute details of that terrible disaster, and will be read with much interest. "Memorials of 'H. B.'," is the title of a paper giving an appreciative account of the late Mr. John Doyle, whose clever political sketches, in the days before *Punch*, were the universal talk of the town as often as they appeared. Mr. Doyle was an Irishman, and the father of the no less gifted Richard Doyle, whose works we do not see as often as we could wish. A sonnet at the end of the present number, on Dr. Newman's poems, does not show the genius of the writer, Aubrey de Vere, to the best advantage: it is somewhat weak and diffuse.

*Belgravia* is enlarged in the present number, and is now a most liberal and excellent shilling's-worth. The illustrations are four in number, but, with the exception of Mr. R. P. Leitch's "Land in Sight! Home at Last!"—which represents a ship on fire close to the shore, and is pictorial and striking, like all that this artist does—we cannot admire them, as they seem to us purely conventional in figure and inane of meaning. Miss Braddon commences the story of "Charlotte's Inheritance"—a continuation of "Birds of Prey"; to make room for which, twenty additional pages are given, thus making *Belgravia* the largest of the "monthlies." The miscellaneous articles are numerous and varied: perhaps the most interesting is that on "Jane Eyre's School," written by a lady who was at Casterton in the days of Mr. Carus Wilson, confirmed by a note from another scholar of the same date, and certainly giving a very different idea of the school and of Mr. Wilson to that of Charlotte Brontë. The authoress of "Jane Eyre" in the Casterton days is described as "a bright, clever, happy little girl, never in disgrace," and "in size remarkably diminutive."

*Tinsley's Magazine* has a rather colourless character. With the exception of the serial novels, there is but little to note in the present number. We must say a word, however, in com-

commendation of the paper, "What is the Laureate about?"—which, with great justice, takes Mr. Tennyson to task for the stuff that he has recently written in certain Magazines.

The *St. James's Magazine* commences a new series in a gaudy colour, all red, blue, and gold, like the wrappers of cheap wine circulars. The editor is Mrs. Riddell, and the publisher Mr. C. J. Skeet. The articles are fairly written; there is a novel, of course; and the illustration to Mr. Bennett's verses on Spring is prettily drawn and engraved.

*London Society* gives us some further "Notes from King Theodore's Country," which, though apparently a little "treated," are amusing. Among the illustrations we notice a pleasing variety from the eternal pictures of very tall young ladies in very fashionable dresses (of which, however, we are not without some specimens in the present issue)—viz., a charming landscape, with a sentiment and an implied story in it, entitled "You did not come." It represents a lonely, woody spot, on the brow of a hill overlooking a river, at sunset, with the solitary figure of a young lady waiting for the gentleman who "does not come." The artist is Mr. W. Small, and the whole conception and drawing are charming, the effect of sunset light and the general sense of loneliness being admirably given. The accompanying verses, also, are somewhat above the common run of Magazine poetry.

The *Argosy*, under the editorship of Mrs. Henry Wood, contains some readable papers of the class of light literature; and the *Victoria*, besides its "feminine" matter, has an interesting sketch of old James Howell, the letter-writer of the seventeenth century, who is here designated "The Worst of Poets."

Once a Week proceeds with the very attractive novel of "Foul Play," by Messrs. Charles Reade and Dion Boucicault, and contains, besides, some fair essays and sketches. The illustrations, however, are detestable—ugly monstrosities of affectation, all the more disagreeable for a certain misapplied cleverness.

*Good Words* presents us, among other excellent matter, with a collection of Russian fables by Mr. W. R. S. Ralston, amusing in themselves, and quaintly illustrated; a charming paper by the Dean of Canterbury, called "A Week on the North Coast of Cornwall," accompanied by a capital woodcut; No. II. of the Duke of Argyll's essays on "Primeval Man;" and Matthew Browne's humorous "Working Man's Courtship."

No. III. of the *Mask* is lively and smart, with some clever illustrations.

The *Art Journal* gives for its steel plates Mr. Faed's "Going Home," engraved by F. A. Heath, and "The Skein-winder," by J. C. Thevenin, from the picture by M. Jean Louis Hamon, a living French artist. The illustrated papers on "The Paris Universal Exhibition" still continue.

We have also received—*Chambers's Journal*, the *Student and Intellectual Observer*, the *Artisan*, the *Eclectic*, the *Evangelical Magazine*, the *Lamp*, the *Sunday Magazine*, the *Sunday at Home*, the *Leisure Hour*, *Golden Hours*, *Mission Life*, the *Cottager and Artizan*, the *London and County Review*, *Science Gossip*, the *Edinburgh Medical Journal*, and the *Gardener's Magazine*.

#### SHORT NOTICES.

*Chips from a Rough Log Kept on Board the good Ship "Parisian."*  
By Hamilton D. Grundry. (J. C. Hotten.)

We opened this book with a feeling of wonder as to what there could be in the experiences of a steamboat passenger in which the general public are expected to be interested, and when we discovered that there was to be found in Mr. Grundry's pages "no moving incidents of flood and field, nothing but a simple account of the trivial events which relieve or constitute the monotony of life at sea—just such an ordinary commonplace existence as falls to the lot of the great majority of those who embark on a long voyage," we felt as much in the dark as before. When, however, we are reminded by Mr. Grundry of the value of the Northumberland Expenses Book, and of the disposition of chroniclers "to record the momentous issues of history, and to disregard the minor occurrences," we cannot deny that the story of Mr. Grundry's voyage in the *Parisian*, if left to another historian, than himself, would have been lost to posterity. Whether posterity would have had much to grieve at is another question, upon which we do not venture to offer an opinion.

*A Letter from Rome, showing an Exact Conformity between Popery and Paganism, or the Religion of the present Romans derived from that of their Heathen Ancestors.* By Conyers Middleton, D.D., Principal Librarian of the University of Cambridge. A New Edition. (William Tegg.)

This letter was first published in the year 1729, and is now republished at a time when public opinion upon religious controversy, although very different to that which prevailed when Dr. Middleton wrote, is yet sufficiently excited to lend an interest to the topics upon which

the letter treats. We may have our own views with reference to the desirableness of disintering from under the dust of a century and a half an effusion which aimed at "the exposure of an infamous system of error" and "the dispersion of the vapid delusions and oft-refuted fallacies with which Romanism insults the common sense of Europe," but when we see Dr. Phillimore occupied for nearly an entire day in delivering a judgment upon the use of candles, incense, and vestments, we cannot say that the time is inappropriate. The little volume in which the letter from Rome now makes its appearance is very neat.

*A Tour in Crete.* By Edward Postlethwaite, Author of "The Fortunes of a Colonist," "A Pilgrimage under the Prairies," "Diary of George Dern," "Poems by Tristram," &c. (J. C. Hotten.)

The affairs of Crete have for some time since occupied so prominent a place in the public mind that anything written with respect to that country is sure to be read with attention. Mr. Postlethwaite made a tour there in 1867, and saw the country and its people as only a hard-working tourist can see them, and in the pleasantly-written and neat volume before us he relates his experiences. The book is more than an ordinary book of travel in this, that it contains the impressions of an intelligent observer upon the present condition of a country which may exercise a very material influence upon the future of Europe.

*Floriculture.* By G. M. F. Glenny. (Bemrose & Sons.)

We have little doubt that this will be found a most useful book to those people who couple a taste for gardening with a limited space in which to exercise it, and no small share of ignorance as to the pursuit itself. The amateur gardener is here instructed in the matter of garden soils generally, what tools are requisite, and how they are to be used. He is supplied with practical suggestions as to the cultivation of flowers generally, and especially florists' flowers. Even the poor Londoner whose horticulture is confined to a window-box is not forgotten.

*The Wakefield Spelling-Books, Parts 3 and 4; or, the Principles and Practice of Spelling, adapted for Advanced Classes.* By W. L. Robinson, Author of "The Pronouncing Reading-Book."

The author of this spelling-book combats the notion that English orthography is too irregular to admit of being reduced to system, and that good spelling is rather the result of practice, memory, and eyesight than anything else; and he contends that in our orthography there is a greater regard to sound than is generally believed. In the arrangement of the spelling exercises he goes some way to prove this; but at all events he has succeeded in producing a thoroughly good school book.

THE Germans are beginning to print their books in Roman type. It is found much clearer and less trying to the eyes. Ophthalmology—which killed half the poor compositors before they had been ten years at the business, and caused a German printing-office to be the funniest assemblage of pale faces, small forms, and big green goggles ever seen—will be banished by the change.

#### LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

- Armstrong (T.), *Compendium of English Literature*. Fcap., 2s.  
Barnes (W.), *Poems of Rural Life in Common English*. Fcap., 6s.  
Bate (Rev. J.), *Aids to the Spiritual Life*. Cr. 8vo., 5s.  
Belloe (Bessie Parkes), *La Belle France*. Cr. 4to., 12s.  
Cassell's Magazine. Vol. II. 4to., 5s. 6d.  
Chambers' Educational Course.—Armstrong (R.), *English Grammar*. 12mo., 6d.  
Charnock (R. S.), *Ludus Patronymicus: The Etymology of Curious Surnames*. Cr. 8vo., 7s. 6d.  
Delamer (E. S.), *The Kitchen and Flower Garden*. New edit. Fcap., 2s. 6d.  
Goethe's *Faust*. Translated by J. W. Grant. 8vo., 15s.  
Harland (E.), *Index Sermonum*. 4to., 7s. 6d.  
Hibberd (M.), *The Silver Trumpet, and other Tales*. 18mo., 1s. 6d.  
Kebbell (T. E.), *English Statesmen since the Peace of 1815*. 8vo., 5s.  
Lathé (The) and its Uses: *Instructions in the Art of Turning*. 8vo., 15s.  
Lee (Holme), *Fairy Tales*. New edit. Fcap., 5s.  
Liddell (E.), *School Arithmetic, with Answers*. New edit. 12mo., 1s.  
Lost Name (A.). By J. S. Le Fanu. 3 vols. Cr. 8vo., £1. 11s. 6d.  
Macmillan's Magazine. Vol. XVII. 8vo., 7s. 6d.  
Macqueen (K.), *Semina Rerum*. Cr. 8vo., 1s. 6d.  
Maudsley (H.), *Physiology and Pathology of Mind*. 2nd edit. 8vo., 16s.  
Millington (E. J.), *Characteristics of the Gods of Greece*. 18mo., 2s.  
Morris (E.), *Assyrian Dictionary*. Part I. Imp. 8vo., 28s.  
New Dictionary (A) of Quotations. 7th edit. Cr. 8vo., 7s. 6d.  
Nicholas (T.), *The Pedigree of the English People*. 2nd edit. 8vo., 16s.  
Poems: *Original and Translated*. By a Cambridge Graduate. Fcap., 5s.  
Ruff's Guide to the Turf. Cr. 8vo., 3s. 6d.  
Sadler (Rev. M. F.), *Parish Sermons*. 2nd series. 2nd edit. Fcap., 6s.  
Sargant (W. L.), *Apology for Sinking Funds*. 8vo., 6s.  
Savage-Club Papers (The). Edited by A. Halliday. 1st series. Cheap edit. Cr. 8vo., 2s.  
Scott (Sir W.), *Poetical Works*. Roxburgh Edition. Vol. IV. Fcap., 3s. 6d.  
Thorold (J. E.), *Manual of Political Economy*. Fcap., 4s. 6d.  
Whiter than Snow. 18mo., 1s.  
Williams (B. S.), *Select Ferns: British and Exotic*. Cr. 8vo., 5s.  
Orchard Grower's Manual. New edit. Cr. 8vo., 5s.